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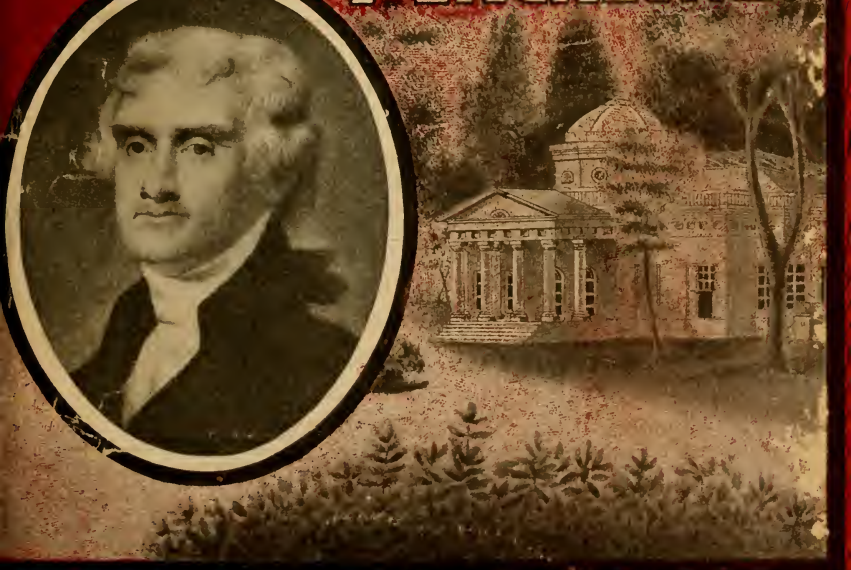

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THERE IS MONEY IN IT

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. III. September, 1909 No. 9

THE HEATHEN APPRECIATE A SOFT SNAP ..... *Frontispiece*

EDITORIALS—
- As to Dickinson's Gettysburg Address 657
- A Lady Missionary Defends Present System 659
- Decadence of Southern Oratory 676
- In the Days of Slavery 678
- Editorial Small Talk 679

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD ..... *Tom Dolan* 683

FORGET (A Poem) ..... *James W. Phillips* 698

A GLIMPSE OF NEWER FRANCE ..... *Ernest Cavcroft* 699

TO A STILL BORN BABE (A Poem) ..... *Nina Hill Robinson* 706

LETTERS TO AARON BURR 707

THE DARK CORNER ..... *Zach McGhee* 711

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON 721

A NUTSHELL NOVEL FOR A MINIATURE

MUDIE (Verse) ..... *J. Ashley Sterry* 724

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT 725

THE JUNIOR JEFFS ..... *Daddy Jim* 729

IN SICKNESS ..... *Stokely S. Fisher* 731

COMMUNICATIONS 732

BOOK REVIEWS 735

MELANCHOLY ..... *Mary Chapin Smith* 736

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THE HEATHEN APPRECIATE A SOFT SNAP

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine
Vol. III. September, 1909 No. 9

EDITORIALS

AS TO DICKINSON'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ECHOING what other Northern papers have said, the New York *Globe* asserts:

"Tom Watson is of 'Cracker' extraction. What has given him the opportunity to arise was the triumph of 'Old Glory'."

This rap comes to me because of my repudiation of the Gettysburg statement of Secretary Dickinson, that the South turns "*with abhorrence*" from any suggestion that it would have been better had the Confederacy withstood the world-wide assault made upon it.

Well, the *Globe's* statement contains as much truth as Dickinson's. I am not of "cracker" extraction (but would not be ashamed of it, if I were), and I owe nothing to "Old Glory" that I could not more easily have obtained under the "Stars and Bars".

The sweeping away of our hereditary estate by the Civil War, and the misery to which the family was reduced by the Panic of 1873, did not contribute materially to my accumulation of a moderate competence.

I don't see why it should cause surprise when I assert *what the North must feel to be true.* A section that had to be whipped back into the Union, could not humanly be expected to love it. Had the people of the South been dealt with kindly after the war was over, and had national legislation been just to us, all might have been different. But we were subjected to such malignant mistreatment after we laid down our arms, and we have been so unmercifully robbed by New England tariffs, and we have been kept in such a continual ferment of dread and irritation because of the eternal negro—that we have not been given the chance to cultivate affection for those states which, with invading and destructive legions, *celebrated a bloody funeral of the democratic principle that "all free government rests upon the consent of the governed".*

I love my country and would fight and die for it, as my ancestors have done, from Revolutionary times down to the Sixties; but I don't love the Federal Government, and I don't believe that anybody else

does,—excepting the comparatively few who are running it in their own interest.

What has the North done to win our love?

They imported the negroes, sold them to us, and then took them away from us by force of arms. They pinned us to the ground with bayonets, and put the freed negro on top of us. They did their level best to legislate him into our social system, as our full social equal,—this poor, ignorant, half-barbarian from the west coast of the dark Continent. They have submerged us with torrents of abuse, and have slandered us before all the world about "Rebel Prison Pens"; they who refused to come and take away their sick and wounded when the Confederacy implored them to do it,—waiting till the broiling sun, beating down upon unsheltered heads at Andersonville, had littered the ground with the dead: they who coldly refused to permit British sympathizers to distribute in Northern prisons the $75,000 fund which had been raised in England for the suffering Confederate soldiers.

Love you? What have you done to make us love you? Even now, your histories of the Civil War reek with cruel falsehoods and injurious suppressions of fact. Even now, your Ogden educational movement is attempting to breach the wall which separates the races, *and preserves Caucasian civilization.* Even now, you are putting into execution the new law, framed at the extra session,—a law which, after the lobby-agent of the New England spinners had said they had "enough", enormously increased the power to loot which the Northern manufacturers enjoy at the expense of Southern cotton-fields.

Love you? When did any people *ever* love their oppressors, their traducers, their traditional and inveterate foes?

It is a superficial student of our national history who does not know that the North and the South have *always* hated each other. Moor and Spaniard, Saxon and Celt, Turk and Armenian, Jew and Gentile, do not more instinctively and involuntarily harbor distrust and dislike. Does the North love the South? If it *does*, it has a mighty queer way of showing it.

Only a few years ago, Mr. Joseph Choate, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, had the insolence to make a speech in Edinburgh in which he went out of his way to malign the South. Owing to his official position, his address circulated throughout Europe—discrediting our ancestors in the eyes of all Christendom.

Is it supposed that we have no feelings that can be hurt? No indignation to be aroused? No resentments to be provoked? We are just human, and we feel keenly the insults and the injustice which take cowardly advantage of our helplessness.

And when one of our own men, fattened on fees paid by Northern corporations and imported into the Cabinet by a Northern politician, goes to Gettysburg—*of all places in the world!*—to stigmatize the memory of the brave soldiers who fought and died for the sacred principle of Home Rule, our natural wrath is intensified and embittered by a profound sense of shame.

A LADY MISSIONARY DEFENDS THE PRESENT SYSTEM

IT IS not customary for magazines to publish articles in reply to editorials, but an exception is cheerfully made in the case of a West Virginia lady who has been deeply grieved by the criticisms which the JEFFERSONIAN has leveled at the modern missionary methods.

Miss Janet Hay Houston appears for the defense. She herself has been a missionary for twenty-five years. Her father, Rev. S. R. Houston, D. D., "gave his first strength" to mission work in the Orient. Other members of her family have labored as evangels of Christ in Africa, Asia and Oceanica. Consequently, Janet Hay Houston has good grounds for saying that she knows whereof she speaks, when she defends the system which I have been assailing.

Her letter impresses one as being thoroughly honest and earnest. It reveals clearly the point of view of missionary enthusiasts, and discloses the morbid sentiment which inspires so much of this foreign effort. It furnishes striking evidence of the tendency which undisciplined religious zeal has ever had to produce the abnormal state of mind and the freakish line of conduct. The monk who gloried in his hair-cloth shirt and filthy person; the Simeon Stylites roosting day and night, year in and year out, on his lofty pillar; the fakir who thinks it increases his holiness to let his finger nails grow a foot long, while dirt covers his body with its coat of mail; the fanatic who sacrifices his own child upon the altar of supposed religious duty; — these are a few examples of what happens to poor, weak mortals when the mind has been warped out of sane, healthy symmetry by the cult of some specialty—*the brooding upon one idea.* To show how completely Janet Hay

A TYPICAL "LITTLE MOTHER"

Houston and some of her friends have left the beaten track and become extremists, I take the liberty of prefacing her article with the letter in which she requests its publication:

"Dear Mr. Watson:—I enclose my answer to some of your views on Foreign Missions. Please print it *entire* in the Magazine, *and* in as large portions as possible in the Weekly.

"*Some of your warmest friends, politically, are beginning to hang their heads for your stand on Foreign Missions.* One good Populist sister said to me today: '*Something dreadful will happen to Mr. Watson for the things he is saying. He will die like Herod—eaten of worms.*' Sincerely, Miss Janet Houston, Monitor, W. Va."

We are living in the Twentieth Century, and we flatter ourselves that we are emancipated from ignorance and superstition; yet here are two intelligent American ladies who seem to believe that I shall perish prematurely, and terribly, *for giving expression to honest convictions on a matter which affords ample room for differences of opinion.*

But enough of preliminary: let us now read what Miss Houston has to say about

FOREIGN MISSIONS

"The cause that has you, Mr. Watson, for its champion, is most fortunate And it is equally true that the cause that has your disapprobation, is most unfortunate, for one and the same reason—you are not only fearless but you are honest.

"It has been, therefore, with considerable distress I have read your articles on Foreign Missions extending through six months or more of your issues.

"Belonging to a family whose history can be said to be coincident with that of Foreign Missions for a century, I claim some right to a certain knowledge of the subject. In the early thirties of the last century my father, Rev. S. R. Houston, D. D., gave his first strength to Foreign Missions in Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt and lands contiguous.

"Rev. M. H. Houston, D. D., later gave unusual gifts of intellect to a long service in China.

"The white headstone at the grave of young Samuel Lasley on the banks of the Congo did its great share in the opening of the great Congo region to the humanity of missions. Laying its hand at the present speaking on the cruel, iniquitous work of Leopold of Belgium in the rubber trade.

"For nearly thirty years I have personally been in connection with foreign mission work in botn Mexico and Cuba, not to mention other younger and stronger spirits of our family who are actually at work in China, Japan and Cuba. For these things I claim a right to speak intelligently on the subject.

"Your first article on Foreign Missions, I believe, appeared in the Weekly of December 17, 1908, under the heading, '*By What Right?*' In it you ask 'By what moral right do we educate heathen children, when our own little ones are slaving out their lives in the mill, or in the field or in the sweat-shop?' 'The American dollar that goes abroad to buy food, raiment, fuel, medicine and school books for the children of heathen peoples is a dollar that is misapplied,' etc.

"You are not opposed to Foreign Missions, for later in the Magazine of April, 1909, you say, 'We hope that our position will not be misunderstood nor misrepresented—*we heartily favor Foreign Missions.*' But you want it 'limited to preaching the Gospel.'—Magazine January, 1909.

"It may be gratifying to you to learn that for the last decade or more there has been a steady trend against indiscriminate use of foreign money on mission ground. In the first days of foreign mission work, when the church confronted the appalling helplessness of paganism, it was most natural that her sympathies stretched out on every line of help. I can just imagine what you would have done, Mr. Watson, standing amid the child-widows of India, the wailing of the foot-bound children of

A GLASS FACTORY AT NIGHT

China or looking into the terrified faces of African women as they faced a living grave. Oh, what billions of money such a big heart as yours would have wasted on Foreign Missions!

"The sympathies of the church are just as tender today, but as to the use of foreign money in mission fields, there is a united effort to *put it in where it propagates self-help.*

"Why schools? Why hospitals? If I was walking by a river and saw a mob of men throw a man bound hand and foot into the water, and contrived to rescue him; after I got him out what would I do with him? Cut his bonds and leave him to the mob? You say preach the Gospel and there the church's duty ends. Christ preached the Gospel but He also healed and fed.

"To know the real spirit of boycotting one has to see a convert to Christianity among pagans. It extends to every function of his being. The Roman Catholic apostate when excommunicated is cursed in the entirety of that church's anathema. Every organ of his body in his body is enumerated in the gruesome curses pronounced by the priest in the public hearing of his assembled fellows. In pagan lands the same thing occurs—converts become objects of hate and dread. What are you going to do with these helpless objects of hate? If they are sick, you must care for them. If hungry, you must feed them. If helpless, you must equip them for life's battle. Hence hospitals and schools, especially industrial schools.

"The *sine qua non* of entrance to many mission schools in China is unbound feet. That alone would justify *their* existence. Mr. Watson, you would not need to stand but half an hour in a Chinese community, listening to the wails of the little girls of China over their bound, festering feet, to convert you to schools, for girls at least, there. I would give you just a quarter of an hour for a similar conversion to the necessity of schools in India if you could visit professionally with a woman doctor among the child-widows of India, whose condition only devils could originate.

"I think you have lost sight of the fact that missions and mission money exist not to enrich or upbuild heathen nations as such, but *FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST*, of which eventually some part of 'every nation' shall form an integral part.—Rev., 5:9.

"Yet true mission work does not expatriate its converts. Rather it endeavors to give them back, regenerated, to each several people, to 'leaven the whole lump.'

"You base your claim for *your method* of carrying on Foreign Missions on what

Christ said to His disciples before His ascension. You say in your MAGAZINE for April, 1909, 'What does the Bible command us Christians to do?' Jesus issued the order, 'Go among the heathen and preach to them.' 'Carry neither scrip nor purse.' What Christ said to His disciples on foreign missions just before His ascension, which you quote as final, was a mere codicil to what He had been teaching them through three years. He had told in their hearing the parable of the Good Samaritan—Luke, 10:25-37, in which a good deal of Samaritan money and hospital work is expended on the Jew. And they had heard Him in conclusion, *'GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.'*

"They, too, had seen their Master three years *'GOING ABOUT DOING GOOD'*, stretching out the same loving hand to feed and to heal as well as to save, and we find that they learned their lesson well. Feeding, healing and saving seem to have been the genius of their method. And its necessity was later recognized by St. Paul, who in the rigors of the shipwreck counseled the crew to eat, and later reaching the Island of Melita healed Publius and 'others also which had diseases in the island'.—Acts, 28:9.

"He who said at one time 'carry neither scrip nor purse' also said to the same disciples at another, 'Now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip', etc.—Luke, 22:35-36.

"The parallel you run for the church's work in foreign lands with the mission work of St. Paul loses its force when the character of the two fields is contrasted. St. Paul's mission work lay in Jewish colonies and among the cultured Greeks and Romans of his day, all of which were already possessed of just such secular learning as Jerusalem could have offered them. There was absolutely no call for schools or other environment for His converts than were already in their reach. Remember, Mr. Watson, *the mission field in Paul's day was pagan, but it was civilized.* The intellectual culture in some places was in some respects higher than that of the Jewish. And the Jewish colonies, which so largely predominate in Paul's mission field, were *already trained in all the moral teachings of the Jews.*

"If Paul had presumed to establish secular schools in Athens, Rome or Corinth, it would have been 'taking coals to Newcastle'. Possessed of learning, what they needed was the simple Gospel. Compare for one instant the Congo tribes with the Athenians, or the Chinese with the Corinthians, and you will see as a parallel for our modern mission work it is worth nothing.

"You will perhaps be surprised to know that those individuals and churches that are wasting most money on Foreign Missions are the chief supporters of Home Mission work. This is a fact that has only to be investigated to be proved. The loudest anti-Foreign Mission talker does little or nothing for Home Missions, while those interested in the salvation of the world are always alive to the needy at their door. Many a church that has thought it could not spare anything abroad, after being induced to give to Foreign Missions, has found out it has more for home calls. This is only one of the many seeming paradoxes of our Christian religion. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.'—Prov., 11:24.

"If you desire Home Missions to flourish, beware and do not cut the tap root of Foreign Missions in the churches.

"I am not quite sure, Mr. Watson, of your sympathy *in any degree* with Foreign Missions. Else you could not have written such a paragraph as this:

" 'To teach and preach abroad is about the same now as teaching and preaching here. To run the hospital and boss the commissary is no more fatiguing in South America and the Orient than it is in Europe or America. Dearly beloved! Don't weep any more over the hard life of the foreign missionary. The chances are that he is having a much better time than yourself. He wears up-to-date habiliments, lives on appetizing viands, has comfortable and roomy quarters, smokes good cigars when he wants to, and has *a corking time generally.*' May MAGAZINE, 1909.

"If you were in possession of a handful of facts that any missionary could give you, you would *blush at your ignorance and weep over your cruelty!*

"Missionaries as a class are not given to magnify their difficulties. Most of them, like Paul, object thus 'to speak as a fool'.

"Hunt up a book called 'The Bishop's Conversion', and read it. It will answer

you better than I can. You can find a copy in the library of Westminster Presbyterian Church, in your city.

"I am not surprised you have reached some of your conclusions when your informants supplied you with such statements as this: 'When the rations to the converts were cut off the converts lost interest in the Christian faith.' This 'noble man', as you call him, should have been recalled in his early work for lending his help to such unworthy methods of work. He seems to be quite 'out of it' and has not even by the hearing of the ear participated in the modern chapters of mission work that have furnished sublime martyr heroism in native converts in China, India, Madagascar, Africa, Japan, Mexico and other lands, where men and women are already enrolled in the glorious company of the martyrs.

"You say the heroic age of missions is past. Is it a grievance to you, Mr. Watson, that our missionaries no longer cross the seas in ill-smelling schooners? And that they can in some places lengthen life and save church money by getting some of the comforts of life in food and houses? Do we protestants believe there is virtue in physical suffering?

"It will be gratifying to you to know that there are still some chances for the missionary to be eaten of cannibals; that civilization cannot reduce the temperature of India's suns or greatly lessen the probabilities of hematuric fever on the Congo. Fine opportunities still exist to be poisoned in several fields in South America and Mexico, to say nothing of the joys of expatriation spent in years of service *anywhere in Christless lands.* In an environment of darkness, mental, moral and social, that *has to be felt to be understood;* one week of which would revolutionize your theories of missions and missionaries and convert you to an ardent crusade just the opposite of the one you have recently come out on.

"I would urge you, Mr. Watson, in your own words, to *'stir the question! EXAMINE BOTH SIDES.'*—April MAGAZINE, 1909. For I am quite sure of gaining a red-hot partisan for missions as *they are now carried* on by experienced, godly men in all the evangelical churches.

"JANET HAY HOUSTON.

"Missionary to Mexico and Cuba through more than twenty-five years, and still in the work."

What are we to think, when a lady of a high order of intelligence—a lady who is consecrating her life to the moral and spiritual betterment of her fellow creatures,—tells us, seriously and deliberately, that the work of abolishing the Chinese custom of binding the feet of young girls would of itself justify modern missionary methods?

As I understand it, the common people of China do not practice the habit of compressing the feet of their daughters. The rich people do that,—those who constitute Society and who go in for style. Why should the people of this country send missionaries to China to change the fashions there? Good heavens! have our Society folks got no bad habits? Did Miss Houston read the testimony of Howard Gould's wife in the divorce case, and reflect upon what that Society queen had to say about high life among our fashionable rich? Has Miss Houston no concern for the whiskey drinking and gambling that have become the fashion with our Smart Set? Or for evils of high-heeled shoes, and decollette gowns? Do our girls never compress *their* little tootsy-wootsies? Or catch the cold which leads to pneumonia or consumption, by going to social functions half-naked?

The artificial production of small feet in China is prescribed by social convention: have we no conventionalities, unwritten but universal and inexorable, that do our girls and women more harm than is

done Chinese girls by compressing their feet? Whether we have or not, it is certainly a queer construction of Christ's commands as to Foreign Missions to say, that it is a religious duty of ours to go abroad among the nations that we class as pagan, and take their feet into our prayers, meditations, contributions and pious ministrations.

There are no vital organs in the foot, and the abuse of it by tight shoes or cruel bandages does not entail any disastrous consequences upon the children,—does not strike at the future well-being of the race. But with us Christians in America, the unrelenting laws of fashion not only victimize the women, but visit their evils upon the children.

THE MODERN IDEAL FORM," FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT

— *Life and Health* Magazine

Fashion demands the small round waist, and our stylish ladies do their level best, braving the tortures of the corset, to make themselves resemble two-legged hour-glasses. Nature never gave a well made woman a round waist, nor a small one. God intended the child-bearer to have room for the vital organs,—for the facile performance of *her sex-duty* of perpetuating the race. The Chinese custom which excites so much horror in Miss Houston, does not in any degree interfere with the functions of motherhood. But the European custom of corset wearing compresses the liver, contracts the ribs, obstructs healthy respiration, and presses the stomach down on the intestines. As stated in a recent number of the most excellent magazine, *Life and Health*, "God put the stomach between the ribs. Women have crowded it down among the lower abdominal viscera."

1 2 3

1. NORMAL FIGURE
2. CORSETED FIGURE
3. DEFORMITY PRODUCED BY CORSET

— *Life and Health* Magazine

Here involved, are the vital organs upon which the whole future of our race is dependent,—yet Miss Houston expresses no concern for her white sisters who are the victims of this murderous social convention, but is passionately sympathetic with the little yellow damsels whose feet are being squeezed, in conformity with a vicious canon of Chinese fashion! Is it not astonishing? Is it not lamentable? These missionary enthusiasts can discern a gnat on a barndoor in heathendom, but can't see the barn itself, if it happens to be located in Christendom.

A prominent physician, quoted by *Health and Life*, says that the manner in which fashion compels ladies to dress, "affects injuriously the health of fifty or sixty millions of people, physically, mentally, and morally".

One of the most beautiful women I ever knew, a slave to fashion, died in child-birth, from no other cause than that her style of dress had made it impossible for Nature to perform its office at the crisis of her life. How many such tragedies result from our fashionable customs? Let Miss Houston have a confidential talk with some old family doctor: he will open her eyes.

The savage woman, who has worn little or no clothing, bears her child with about as much ease as the average cow calves. She pays no awful penalty of pain for perpetuating her species—for doing that which God formed her to do. *No Savage nation demands of its women obedience to a "Style" which makes motherhood a martyrdom. No heathen nation does it.* We Christians do it, persisting in the frightful system which curses both mother and children—and our merciful reformers betake themselves to heathen lands to alter usage less harmful than some which they leave behind. China is not threatened with Race Suicide—nor is Japan, Africa, or Hindustan. It is Christendom which is menaced by that peril, if any part of the world is. And why? Because the women of our fashionable classes refuse to mother large families. And again, why? Because of the danger to the lives of the women, and because large families interfere with social dissipations. *It is the poor whites of Europe and America that are propagating the Caucasian race.* If that duty devolved upon the rich and the fashionable only, there would, indeed, *be danger of Race Suicide.*

THE "STRAIGHT FRONT"
—*Life and Health* Magazine

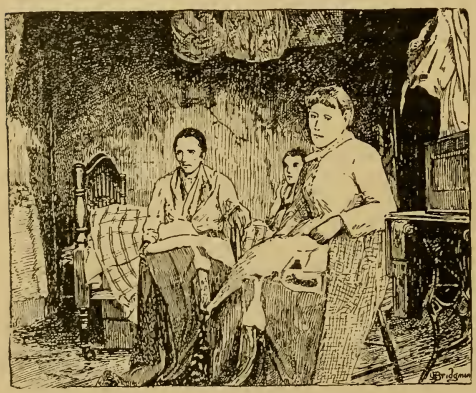
Has Miss Houston ever given any attention to infant mortality in this Christian land of ours? Let me suggest that she read up on that subject. When she has learned of the almost incredible number of infants, *our babies*, that perish for lack of fresh air, of pure milk, of intelligent treatment, she will be appalled. Think of our letting more than 500,000 of the infants annually wilt and wither and die, right before our eyes, suffocated by the heat, frozen by the cold, poisoned by impure air and food. Oh, the warped, perverted sense of Christian duty which banishes from among us such noble women as Janet Houston, *when humanity cries for them so piteously in every American city!*

The bound, festering feet are very painful, no doubt; but what of the festering eyes occasioned as the direct result of the "social evil" here? Called by the polite name of *opthalmia neontorum*, but in reality, gonorrheal infection, thousands of babies are literally blinded at birth. Some of these are saved from this horrible fate by medical science, but it is only recently that this has been done; and the record would reach into millions of white-eyeballed, sightless wretches, if the further awful record of infant mortality did not keep the statistics of

preventable blindness down. That is, preventable by wiping out prostitution, which is the greatest curse to our land today. Our "red-light" districts reek with loathsome disease, our heedless boys and vicious men become infected and, in turn, infect innocent wives and damn at birth their innocent children.

Does Miss Houston know the gynecological statistics of the United States? Does she know the invalids and the surgical butcheries made necessary because the innocent woman suffers, along with the prostitute, the invasion of a pus-producing germ that is communicated through the spread of the malignant gonococci?

Miss Houston commiserates the sad lot of the "child-widows" of India. Here we have another National custom. Puberty is reached at a very early age among Hindus,—so much so that marriages are consummated when some of the wives appear to us to be nothing more than children. But in what respect is the condition of a Hindu widow peculiarly distressing? The English put a stop to the sacrifice of her life at the funeral of her lord. But, thus far, the English have been afraid to interfere with the Hindu marriage customs. American women seem to be more concerned about them than anybody else. These well-meaning ladies might easily find all the home-employment they need, if they would make their investigations in their own country. We ourselves have child-wives and "child-widows". Worse yet, we have middle-aged and elderly widows, poor and friendless, whose lot is so dreadfully hard that nothing in Hindustan could be worse,—the sweat-shop widow, plying the needle all day long, every day in the year, to get the bread to fill the mouths of the hungry little brood of children; the factory widow, whose life is a dull round of hopeless toil —herself dragged down by unmerciful poverty, and her children submerged with her.



SWEAT-SHOP LABOR ON POSTAL UNIFORMS

To convince Miss Houston that there are child-widows in her homeland whose poverty may plunge them into deeper perdition than India knows, I take an extract from a pamphlet on the White Slave traffic, prepared by Harry A. Parkin, Assistant District Attorney, Chicago:

"A very few days ago this pitiful case was, in an official way, brought to my attention. A little German girl in Buffalo married a man who deserted her about the time her child was born. Her baby is now about eight months old. Almost immediately after her husband ran away she formed the acquaintance of an engaging young man who claimed to take deep interest in her welfare, and that of a certain girl friend of hers. He persuaded them both that if they would accompany him to Chicago he would immediately place them in employment which would be far more profitable than anything they could obtain in Buffalo. Supposing that the work awaiting her was entirely legitimate and respectable, the little mother took her baby and, in company with the young man and her friend, came to Chicago. The next task of this human fiend was to persuade this 'child-widow' that it would be necessary for her to place her baby temporarily in a foundling's home in order that it might not interfere with her employment. This accomplished, he took the two young women at once to a notorious house and sold them into white slavery. Thenceforth this fellow has lived in luxury upon the shameful earnings of these two victims. The young mother has attempted by every means imaginable to escape from his clutches and at last has importuned him into a promise to release his hold upon her on the payment of $300. She is still 'working out' the price of her release. It is scarcely too much to say that she looks twice her age."

I earnestly beseech Miss Houston to write for information to *The Woman's World* newspaper, of St. Louis, or to Edward W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney, Chicago. If the facts which she will thus have learned do not cause her to dedicate the remainder of her beautiful life to the rescue of her Christian sisters from the hell-holes of our Christian cities, it will be a marvel.

While Miss Houston and others inspired by similar motives have been "saving China for Christ", and worrying about the usual and customary condition of the Chinese girls of high degree, it has remained for the civil authorities to haul up sharply the "Mission Homes" which, in America, receive the young immigrant girls, and 75 per cent. of whom, according to the published statement of U. S. Commissioner Williams, have been engaged in the holy practice of enveigling these girls from the espionage of the officials, under plea of caring for them in pious surroundings, and then selling them to vile dens at from $10 to $15 apiece! How can Miss Houston claim that these missionaries are all fired with evangelical motives, when the condition of affairs in the missions of New York has just been exposed as one of the most unnatural and hideous schemes of pandering ever invented?

And, while young girls from other lands are bestialized by American brutes, our own girls are sent to Panama and other points for the same purpose.

Some weeks ago a negro who signed himself "John Frankling" wrote me from Tifton, Ga., a letter in which he stated that he had a white wife whom he had bought out of a group of twenty-five that were offered for sale in Chicago, and that she was the third white "wife" that he had purchased. Upon making inquiry of prominent men in Chicago, I was told that there was reason to believe that the negro had told the truth. There is a startling corroboration of Frankling's statement furnished by Mrs. Ophelia Amigh, Superintendent Illinois Training School for Girls. She writes:

THE FIRST STAGE OF RUIN—DRUGGING THE SODA WATER

"Almost at the beginning of my experience I received a penciled note which I have kept on my desk as a stimulus to my energies and my watchfulness along the line of checkmating the work of the white slavers. It is very brief and terse—but what a story it tells! Here is a copy of it—with the substitution of a fictitious name:

"'Ellen Holmes has been sold for $50.00 to
Madame Blank's house at —— Armour avenue.'

"The statement was true—and the man who sold her and the woman who bought her were both sent to the state penitentiary as a penalty for the transaction!"

Again:

"The disgraceful facts are these:

Some 65,000 *daughters of American homes and* 15,000 *alien girls are the prey each year of procurers in this traffic, according to authoritative estimates. Even marriage is used as one of the diabolical methods of capturing girlhood and young womanhood and 'breaking them in' to a life of shame.*

"They are hunted, trapped in a thousand ways; trapped, wing-broken, sold—sold for less than hogs!—and held in white slavery worse than death.

"The daughters of all of us, our sisters, even our wives are looked upon as prey for the white slave traffic."

Inexperienced country girls, lured to the cities by promises of good positions; heedless and impulsive girls, trapped into run-away fake marriages; trustful city girls, who visit ice-cream parlors and unsuspectingly eat or drink that which has been "fixed" for their ruin; foreign girls, who land in this country and find themselves among the ravening wolves that are ever on the prowl,—these are typical victims of the white slaver. Once decoyed into the house of prostitution, there is no escape.

In those dens of horror they are sold to all men who can pay the price—young men or old, clean or unclean, healthy and diseased, black or white. Hope dies, youth fades, strength departs, cocaine and whiskey fold the once lovely and innocent girl in their tightening coils, and the poor hideous hag,—no longer fit for the business,—is drugged, and shoved into outer darkness, and her place filled with another trapped victim, and another and another!

How our noble Christian women can rest in peace while this diabolical traffic is going on; how it is that they can go gadding about the foreign world, ministering to black women in Africa, brown women in Hindustan and yellow women in China,—when there is so much of agonizing tragedy at their own doors, is difficult to understand.

It is a horrible thing when you think of it—that your own sister or daughter, going to pay a visit to some friend in one of our big cities, might, out of sheer lack of experience and suspicion, *disappear from your life forever*, or be rescued in some chance police-raid and be returned to you *in such plight that you'd rather see her in her grave.*

Mrs. Ophelia Amigh writes:

"As one whose daily duty it is to deal with wayward and fallen girls, as one who has had to dig down into the sordid and revolting details of thousands of these

sad cases (for I have spent the best part of my life in this line of work), let me say to such mothers:

"In this day and age of the world *no young girl is safe!* And all *young girls who are not surrounded by the alert, constant and intelligent protection of those who love them unselfishly are in imminent and deadly peril.* And the more beautiful and attractive they are, the greater is their peril!"

Giving the history of a typical case, Hon. E. W. Sims writes:

"Among the 'white slaves' captured in raids since the appearance of my first article is a girl who is now about eighteen years of age. Her home was in France, and when she was only fourteen years old she was approached by a 'white slaver' who promised her employment in America as a lady's maid or companion. The wage offered was far beyond what she could expect to get in her own country—but far more alluring to her than the money she could earn was the picture of the life which would be hers in free America. Her surroundings would be luxurious; she would be the constant recipient of gifts of dainty clothing from her mistress, and even the hardest work she would be called upon to do would be in itself a pleasure and an excitement.

"On arriving in Chicago she was taken to the house of ill-fame to which she had been sold by the procurer. There this child of fourteen was quickly and unceremoniously 'broken in' to the hideous life of depravity for which she had been entrapped. The white slaver who sold her was able to drive a most profitable bargain, for she was rated as uncommonly attractive. In fact, he made her life of shame a perpetual source of income, and when—not long ago—he was captured and indicted for the importation of other girls, this girl was used as the agency of providing him with $2,000 for his defense.

"But let us look for a moment at the mentionable facts of this child's daily routine of life and see if such an existence justifies the use of the term 'slavery'. After she had furnished a night of servitude to the brutal passions of vile frequenters of the place, she was compelled each morning to put off her tawdry costume, array herself in the garb of a scrub-woman and, on her hands and knees, scrub the house from top to bottom. No weariness, no exhaustion, ever excused hed from this drudgery, which was a full day's work for a strong woman.

"After her scrubbing was done she was allowed to go to her chamber and sleep—locked in her room to prevent her possible escape—until the orgies of the next day, or rather night, began. She was allowed no liberties, no freedom, and in the two and a half years of her slavery in this house she was not even given one dollar to spend for her own comfort or pleasure. The legal evidence collected shows that during this period of slavery she earned for those who owned her not less than $8,000."

For the purpose of arousing the authorities in Canada, and securing their co-operation with American officials and organizations, the evidence, covering "innumerable cases", was formally presented.

I select these as fair examples:

"In response to a newspaper advertisement a young girl from Eastern Ontario came to work, as she was led to believe, in Mrs. M.'s millinery store. Her family grew anxious about her, and her brother came to the town where she was supposed to be, inquiring for Mrs. M.'s millinery store. The men on the street laughed at him, and finally a person out of pity informed the young man that Mrs. M.'s was a house of prostitution. The young man learned that his sister had died from that house and had been buried some weeks before.

"An attractive woman agent spent some time at a leading hotel in a Canadian city. She professed to be greatly attracted by Canadian girls and advertised for a number of them to fill positions in one of the cities of the United States. She succeeded in inducing four young women to go with her. Three of them have not been

THE LAST STAGE—MENTAL, PHYSICAL AND MORAL RUIN

heard of since. The other was found in a den of iniquity, and returned home broken in health.

"A graduate of Toronto University replied to an advertisement for a traveling companion. By correspondence an attractive offer was made and she came to Toronto under arrangements to meet her employer. Her friends, not hearing from her, followed her to the city, to find that the address given in the letters was a vacant lot. The young lady has never been heard from since.

"A young woman from an Ontario town came to Toronto to visit her aunt. Having been in the city before she did not notify her aunt of her coming. Arriving at the house she found her relatives absent. An attractive looking woman a few doors away made inquiry, and learning the young woman's disappointment invited her into her house to wait until her aunt returned. She pressed her to remain for tea and to stay all night. In this case again the young woman discovered to her horror that she was the unsuspecting victim of the White Slave Traffic.

THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE SCHEME

"The runaway marriage is one of the favorite devices of the White Slaver. Two sisters went from an Ontario village to the city of Winnipeg. A young man began to pay attention to one of the sisters, frequently taking her out driving and to public

LITTLE TENEMENT TOILERS
With the exception of the infant in arms, these are all working children

gatherings and places of amusement. By his devoted and continual attention their friendship continued. One evening the sister went out with the young man and did not return. A business man, possessed of means, who was a friend of the young woman, declared he would find her; and, going to Chicago, he went from house to house in the red light district until he found the unfortunate girl."

This magazine could be filled with similar cases, and even then the hideousness of the devilish traffic would not be laid bare. The worst of the facts cannot be printed.

If the depravity which goes to the extent of forcing women to practice unprintable enormities of vice, in public, in the big cities, is too great to be coped with, too terrifying to be mentioned, then the missionaries might begin with smaller places, like Atlanta, for instance, where there seems to be a tolerably well established system of white slave traffic to seize upon the unsophisticated young girl from the rural districts. Surely Miss Houston knows that such girls are sent from place to place, as their freshness palls, until nothing remains but the murkiest resorts of the slums. If but a few of these hapless girls could be saved, no doubt the Lord would not withhold the crown of glory from those who interposed between them and hell, and saved society from just that much further contamination.

Oh, Miss Houston! Your generous soul expands with sorrow for the black women of Africa who are buried alive at the funeral of some powerful chief,—but isn't the doom of the white girls, sold into loathsome slavery to negro brutes, infinitely worse? To those African women—only a few at that—death comes just once, and then all is peace and rest. But to your white sisters, caged in the vile dens of prostitution, comes every day something more horrible than death.

* * * * * * * * * *

Miss Houston endeavors to demonstrate that had the apostles established secular or literary schools in Rome or Syria or Greece, it would have been a case of "Carrying coals to Newcastle". Not at all. Only the upper classes in the Roman empire were educated. There were millions of unlettered men in the regions where the Apostles pushed their conquests. In fact, it was among the poor and the ignorant, the slaves and the proletariat, that Christianity first got its foothold. This is notoriously true. Why, then, did the early missionaries establish no schools, no colleges, no hospitals, no dispensaries? Because there was no scriptural authority for it.

Does not Miss Houston recognize it as a "Case of carrying coals to Newcastle", when we send missionaries to Europe to found schools and colleges? Or when we enter Japan to compete with the splendid facilities for education which that empire offers to all her children? Or when we establish in China the Missionary school to compete with the Government school? Or when we offer an absolutely free education to Hindu children who can get all the schooling they want from the English, whenever the parents of the children show a willingness to cooperate with the English and bear a proportion of the expense?

It is a sin and a shame—a burning wrong and disgrace—that we should be forcing these Missionary schools upon the alleged heathen when we need them so badly for millions of our own boys and girls. Miss Houston's own labors have been principally in Cuba and Mexico, Christian countries, both. For hundreds of years they have been Christian, just as Europe is Christian, and just as Armenia is Christian. It is certainly a phenomenal state of affairs, when the churches of this country are asked to put up the cash for missionary work among

NEW YORK CELLAR PRISONERS
Illegally employed, they were never allowed to go out of doors, their only recreation being taken in a dark, filthy cellar

peoples who have been Christianized for ages. Armenia was "won for Christ" more than *eighteen hundred years ago*, and yet we must furnish money for missionary preachers, schools and colleges in Armenia!

"We must win Mexico for Christ", say the Protestants, and we send missionaries to do it. "We must win the United States for Christ!" say the Catholics, and they send missionaries to do it.

And the Protestants are not winning Mexico nearly so fast as the Catholics are winning the United States. (It must be a sad puzzle to the heathen to tell which Christian sect is the real thing.)

The Christian missionaries claim that they have hundreds of thousands of converts in heathendom. If this be true, why are not converts numerous enough to spread the Gospel among their own people? Why not let them establish the endless chain system, one convert working to make another, one church to establish another, as was the case in the pioneer days of Christianity? For three hundred years missionaries have been at work in China—isn't China ever going to have enough Chinese converts to Christianize China?

How does it happen that Chinaman, Japanese, Hindu or African, claiming to be a convert to Christ, never undertakes to do for his native land what Patrick did for Ireland, Columba for Scotland, and the British disciples won by Augustin for England?

WHY IS IT THAT PRACTICALLY EVERY ORIENTAL "CONVERT" WHO HAS MADE ANY EFFORT TO PROSELYTE HIS OWN PEOPLE HAS HAD TO BE PAID TO DO IT?

This fact of itself is enough to prove to every unbiased mind that we are not Christianizing the Chinese and the Hindoos. *We are simply bribing them to act the hypocrite.* Even their children, who are glad enough to get the education we give them, do not take our religion.

* * * * * * * * * *

While writing this editorial a friend sent me a newspaper clipping which throws quite a cheerful light upon Miss Houston's references to missionary hardships:

"A $15,000 boat to be used in the missionary service on the Kongo River, Africa, will be built in this city. The contract has been awarded by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, of Cincinnati, from James Rees & Sons Company. It is expected the craft will be completed in time to be placed on exhibition during the centennial celebration of the Disciples in this city next October. The boat will be named the Oregon, in honor of the Oregon State Missionary Society, which pledged to raise the money to pay for the boat after listening to Dr. Royal J. Dye, of the Kongo Mission, tell of his needs for the better prosecution of his work. He will be in complete charge of the boat, which will be the first craft built for such a purpose in the United States. The boat will be manned by a crew of ten persons and will have a capacity for one hundred passengers."

That sounds like "hardships", doesn't it? An elegant, up-to-date floating palace, for the missionaries who are out after those Congo Niggers. Oh! shades of Paul and Timothy and Augustin and Columba! They never knew the joys of the chase of the benighted heathen in fifteen-thousand-dollar houseboats.

Fifteen thousand dollars for one missionary boat on the distant Congo, and the yearly expenditure of hundreds of dollars to operate it! Were the same amount of charitable donations invested in a floating hospital for sick children, and set afloat in Lake Michigan, or off New York, or on the Potomac, how many thousands of precious little lives might be saved,—children who are perishing in crowded, stifling tenements of the large cities!

Suppose the thousands of trained, heroic workers in the foreign fields were summoned home; suppose that the golden stream now flowing Eastward were devoted to the removal of the frightful conditions which, in our own land, are becoming worse every day,—would it not be a saner purpose, as holy a task, productive of infinitely greater results in the uplift of the human race?

JUVENILE TEXTILE WORKERS ON STRIKE IN PHILADELPHIA

The 65,000 American white girls who are being sold into bawdy-house slavery are of greater importance to the future of Christian civilization than every negro on the face of the earth. The loss to our national future and to the world's aggregate of intelligent manhood of the tens of thousands of white children who are filling the neglected garden of life with weeds instead of flowers, or who are physically and morally wrecked by child slavery,—are of more consequence to our hereafter than all the feet-bound maidens of China, all the child-widows of India, all the men, women and children of Africa.

In the name of common sense, enlightened patriotism and wholesome Christianity, will we never so regard it?

* * * * * * * * * *

He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel. To that effect speaks Holy Writ. My contention is that in the

matter of furnishing food, clothing, books, medicine, secular education, industrial training, orphan's homes, asylums and kindergartens, we owe our first duty to our own national household.

The brotherhood of man does not make it your duty to feed somebody else's children before you feed your own.

First, maintain and educate the boys and girls that you caused to be brought into the world. *First*, you are responsible for *them*—not for the children that some other man begot.

Have we not a national, as well as an individual household? So I contend. The people of the American Republic are as truly your national household, as the inmates of your home constitute your individual household. That being indisputably so, why is it not good doctrine to say that inasmuch as the Bible tells us to provide for our individual households first, it is analogous that we should fully provide for our national household, *before carrying anything but the Word of God to the heathen?* Just as it is our natural duty to provide for our children before furnishing maintenance and support to the children of others, so it is our patriotic duty to carry relief to the needy of our own country before making foreigners the beneficiaries of our bounty.

(After the manuscript of this article had been sent to the Managing Editor, the press dispatches announced the death of a beautiful young lady, of Cincinnati, Miss Elsie Gasser, whose physician attributed her failure to rally from an operation "to the pernicious effects of the evil custom" of tight lacing.

Asked if it was true that one of the physicians was so struck with the injury that the girl was shown to have done herself by tight lacing that he contemplated a pamphlet against it, Dr. Strohback said:

"What good would a pamphlet do? Girls just will be so interested in style that they will lace. No pamphlet will stop them."

Possibly a few of the Chinese girls who have been persuaded by American missionaries to defy the fashion which demands small feet for Celestial ladies, might accomplish good results if they would come over and endeavor to work a change of American style in the matter of small, round waists or "tube gowns".)

DECADENCE OF SOUTHERN ORATORY

IN THE SHAPING of national policies and legislation, it cannot be said that Southern orators now wield any considerable influence. The North is in full control. The Protective System, which breeds millionaires and paupers, is built with particular reference to New England manufactures. Pretty nearly everything that the South has to buy comes higher because of the tariff: pretty nearly all that she sells must be sold in free competition with the whole world.

Our financial system puts the producers and small dealers at the

mercy of a few Northern capitalists, but Southern orators either do not see it, or care nothing about it.

The most extravagant government on earth is run at the expense of poverty, not of wealth; but Southern orators content themselves with perfunctory deliverances in Congress, instead of leading an organized crusade against the wrong.

Our colonial policy, our military expansion, our class-legislation, our monstrous system of Special Privilege, are all hateful to the Southern people; but Southern oratory is practically dumb. In fact, the South is a negligible quantity in the framing of political platforms, in the selection of national tickets, in the adoption of national policies, in the shaping of national legislation. Our public men are, as a rule, so crassly ignorant that they are unable to cope with the disciplined and cultivated intellects of the Northern leaders. They are constantly overreached, outgeneraled, reduced to impotence.

Occasionally, a Southern Senator or Representative displays ability,—and then some railroad, oil company or lumber trust gobbles him up. Under the desolating influence of one-party despotism, our people have ceased to know or care anything about the way in which national legislation is manipulated. A pall of ignorance and indifference has settled upon us. We never hear but one side of any question, and therefore we never know the truth about anything.

And we are content,—stupidly, degenerately, ignominiously content.

The clarion call of the Southern orator is no longer heard, rousing the masses *to make a fight* for justice. We no longer produce Patrick Henrys and John C. Calhouns who inflame men with a holy passion for the right, *until they are ready to die, rather than tamely submit to wrong.* The spur of Harry Percy is cold: the sword is rust: spiders weave twixt us and the sun: we are no longer the men of 1776, nor of 1860.

The few who would have led our people back to the old landmarks have been beaten into despair,—not by the henchmen of Special Privilege, but by the inert masses that they wished to serve.

Oratory is not in the orator solely: it is in the occasion, in the audience, in the cause. We have no eloquence now in the South, because not even Demosthenes could be himself, if his audiences were composed of the dead. Politically, the South has no life. *Commercially* she is great, *intellectually*, glorious,—but *politically*, she is a corpse.

Some one asked Seargent S. Prentiss how it was that he could so completely magnetize a crowd, and he answered:

"It is *they* who magnetize *me*."

That was in the old days, when Southern people were alive to their interests and ideals.

Have you forgotten the words of Kossuth?

"They say that *I* inspired the people. No! A thousand times no! The people inspired *me*!"

That was when Hungarians were ready to fight and to die for their rights, their liberties.

The time may yet come when the one-party stagnation will give way to the angel that puts life into the troubled waters: the day may come when Oratory, reincarnated, may show to all the world that the South was not dead, but sleeping.

IN THE DAYS OF SLAVERY

DURING the month of January, 1909, the U. S. Senate had before it a bill proposing, among other things, to pay to Plymouth Frazier the sum of $120. Plymouth *is* a negro, and *was* a slave. It seems that Plymouth, the slave, had accumulated property to the value of $120, and that the Federal army took it, or destroyed it, during the Civil War. The Senate, therefore, was debating in January, 1909, the question of making good to the ex-slave the damage which his liberators had inflicted upon him.

It is not strange that the Northern Senators looked askance at the claim of Plymouth Frazier for compensation. A slave, holding property in the South!—such a thing was not mentioned in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", nor in "The Impending Crisis", nor in any of the Abolition screamers. Yet here was Plymouth, a visible, undeniable, odorous actuality, swearing strenuously that as a slave he had owned property worth $120, and that the victorious invading hosts of liberty and liberation had deprived him of it. No wonder such Senators as Hopkins of Illinois found it difficult to pin their faith to Plymouth. He jostled many well-settled notions, conceptions and traditions, and none of us like to have things of that description loosened in the socket.

Sympathizing with the evident embarrassment of the Northern delegations, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and Senator Money, of Mississippi, undertook to enlighten their colleagues, by explaining that it was a common thing for Southern slaves to own property—such as a cow, a pig, sometimes a horse, and, nearly always, poultry. Besides, when a negro slave did his "task", his time was his own, and he could dispose of it as he liked. Most of them would use it for recreation and pleasure, but some would work for wages during the time that was theirs.

In "Slavery Days", the general condition of the negroes was infinitely better than that of the white laborer of the North and of Europe. No such horrible squalor, suffering and degradation could have been found among the Southern slaves as now exists among the white wage-slaves of Boston, New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh.

EDITORIAL SMALL TALK

In *McClure's Magazine*, there is an article by President William Howard Taft in which he says:

"Andrew Jackson, I believe, did serve as a Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina."

If our President believes that, it is a pity, for it isn't so.

Andrew Jackson was Judge of the Supreme Court *of Tennessee*,—at a time when the back part of Webster's old blue spelling book carried as much weight in that primitive state as Blackstone's Commentaries. In that era, any man who was honest and gifted with horse sense, made a good judge. Nowadays, the talented creatures who preside over our Supreme tribunals rake the records with fine tooth combs to discover some trifling technicality that will keep rich rascals out of jail.

* * * *

Old John D. lectured to a Bible class of sap-headed supers recently, and unctiously informed them that the best paying investment in this life was the doing of good to others.

Yes, that is the way Pious John built up the Standard Oil Company. He benignly and invariably practiced the Golden Rule. He did not originate the deadly rebate which put his rivals out of business. He never said to a railroad company, in playful reference to a struggling competitor, "Turn another screw". He did not distribute oil gratuitously in a rival's territory for the purpose of ruining the rival. He never hired detectives to spy upon competitors, nor bribed their employees to adulterate their goods. He never conspired to crush an independent company with lawsuits, receiverships and injunctions; he never corrupted a juror, a judge, a legislator, a Congressman, or an editor. When he subsidized such publications as the *Manufacturers' Record* he did it for patriotic reasons.

When he sent checks to such Senators as Foraker of Ohio, it was unpolluted benevolence.

It was somebody else who relentlessly pursued Matthews of New York and was the beneficiary of the plot to blow up his refinery. It was another man, not Pious John, who persecuted and robbed that Cleveland widow and her orphan children—compelling her to sign a bond not to engage in the oil business, and wringing from her soul that cry of anguish which concluded with the words:

"I cannot tell you the sorrow it has caused me to have one of those in whom I have had the greatest hopes tell me, within the last few days, that *it was enough to drive honest men away from the Church of God when professing Christians do as you have done by me.*"

* * * *

By a prolonged career of crime, John D. Rockefeller amassed a fortune of a thousand million dollars,—more money than Crœsus had, more than any king of ancient or modern times accumulated. He got it by the pitiless crushing of competition, by the underhanded control of freight rates, by subornation of perjury, by the corruption of courts, newspapers and legislatures, by the use of money in politics, by unlawfully inducing transportation companies and merchants' associations to refuse to handle competitive oil.

Everybody who reads at all, knows this to be true. Yet Pious John is popular. The newspapers speak well of John. Certain preachers toot the horn of praise for John. For look you,—John D. is a great Baptist, and affects mightily the company and companionship of preachers. Also, publicly fondles children, and takes carefully chosen local people to ride with him in his Auto.

* * * *

How much good is done the cause of religion by the prominence of John D. and his son John in pious circles? Everybody knows that they are a precious pair of hypocrites,—does the manner in which certain clergymen toady to them advance the cause of Christ?

The edifying spectacle of J. P. Morgan, handing round the plate in the Presbyterian church has its offset in Thomas F. Ryan's conspicuousness as a Catholic. With the possible exception of E. H. Harriman, J. J. Hill and Nelson Aldrich, the three men named—Rockefeller, Morgan and Ryan—are as far removed from the model of Christ as any three men that live. Is not the decay of the true religious spirit and life largely due to the silent disgust of the common people at the control of the churches by the rich?

* * * *

Some years ago, an enterprising New York man secured from the Chinese government a "concession" to build a railroad over there. J. P. Morgan heard of it, and his mouth watered. Just as the Whitney-Ryan gang got after old Jake Sharp and took away from him the Broadway Surface franchise which bribed Aldermen, had voted to Jacob, so Morgan got after the man who had the Chinese concession. The man had to drop it, of course, and when the Celestials woke up to the portentious fact that they were about to be Morganized, they gave that distinguished Presbyterian six million dollars for the piece of paper which authorized the construction of the railroad.

Recalling this luscious occurrence, Morgan has blocked the Chinese loan which European bankers had already signed for, and has demanded that his name be put in the pot. He has actually had the power to get his personal wishes in the matter backed by our Government and presented to China as the demand of the United States!

* * * *

When Mr. Cleveland was President it was J. P. Morgan who could do as he would with our national finances. That midnight transaction in bonds is an indelible stain upon our record. With President Roose-

velt it was the same: Morgan's word, in money matters, was law, and the Wall Street bankers got bonds which cost them practically nothing and the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, which is an unspeakable infamy. Under Mr. Taft, the Morgan grip on the finances still holds. He wants another chance at poor old China, and although the loan for the Hankow Railway was a completed, signed-up-contract, before Morgan caught on to it, our Government has told China that the deal must be opened for the entrance of Morgan.

* * * *

The Washington *Post* declares that Congressman Pickler secured the original appropriation for the R. F. D. service; but ever since the *Post* editorially stated that Marshall Ney taught school and died a natural death in North Carolina, we never know when its assertions are meant to be taken as jokes.

* * * *

The new tariff bill comes as near being the "revision downward" that Mr. Taft promised the country, as Mr. Cleveland's tariff reform pledges resembled the Wilson-Gorman act. In the one case, the President denounced the "perfidy" but did not use his veto; and in the other, the President smiles and looks around for congratulations while the bill becomes a law. In both cases, the people were duped and the Trusts got what they bargained for when they made campaign contributions.

* * * *

Wonderful is the pull of the hosiery mills. A few years ago they knocked out the Kasson treaty with France, which would have opened markets to at least $20,000,000 of cotton seed oil. In the new tariff bill they have succeeded in advancing the protective duties, and the millions of buyers of the commoner kinds of socks and stockings will have to pay higher prices than ever. Mr. Taft is a good hand-shaker and ever-bearing smiler, but he will have the task of his life to explain why he did not make more vigorous efforts to have his campaign promises kept.

* * * *

How can any Republican face the people who were promised a substantial downward revision, a revision which would mean reduced prices on the necessaries of life, when the Dingley rate on sugar has been scaled the ridiculous amount of one-twentieth of a cent, and the duty on common stockings increased forty per cent.?

On ten pounds of sugar, the housewife may save half-a-cent; whereas, in the purchase of one pair of stockings, she will lose not less than five cents. This kind of sham reform pervades the whole bill. It fairly reeks with dishonesty, injustice, favoritism to the few at the expense of the many.

* * * *

The more closely the new tariff act is studied, the more odious it becomes.

For example, the Republicans make a show of reducing the cost of blacksmith tools. What is the reduction? *One-eighth of a cent a pound.* They lower the rate on dressed lumber, and the reduction is seventy-five cents on a thousand feet.

From the tax on white lead, which affects everybody who has any house-painting done, they pare off one-eighth of a cent a pound, from horse-shoes one-quarter of a cent, and from cotton ties two-tenths of a cent, and so on down the line of decreases. But they put an increase of 68 per cent. on razors, 27 per cent. on watch movements, 75 per cent. on shingles, 20 per cent. upon fountain and other pens, and impose a heavy duty on barbed wire, and upon varnish and enamel paints.

Here we have a law framed by the powerful beneficiaries of the tariff system, and while our indignation may be hot our surprise cannot be great to discover that *it taxes the blankets of the poor 165 per cent. and the automobiles of the rich 50 per cent.*

* * * *

The people who were promised a genuine downward revision get no reduction whatever on woolens and worsteds, and will have to pay more for cotton goods. By the time each family has consumed a year's supplies, the small savings made on the goods upon which the tariff has been lowered will be more than wiped out by the higher prices paid for articles on which the tariff has been raised.

* * * *

The Democrats whose votes were indispensable to Speaker Cannon in the adoption of the rules which make him the autocrat of the House, are in a large measure responsible for the disgraceful Payne-Aldrich bill. Thanks to the power which these Democrats put in his hands, Speaker Cannon was not only able to dragoon the measure through the House, but was able to pack the Conference Committee with stand-patters of the rankest type. Without the aid of those Democratic deserters, the Cannon-Aldrich crowd could never have made such a legislative mockery of Mr. Taft's promise of honest downward revision.

I hope that the constituencies of these deserters will not forget the facts, nor fail to punish the guilty. Their names are:

John J. Fitzgerald, of New York; Michael F. Conry, of New York; Francis B. Harrison, of New York; Daniel J. Riordan, of New York; Henry M. Goldfogle, of New York; Charles V. Fornes, of New York; George H. Lindsay, of New York; Joseph A. Goulden, of New York; William G. Brantley, of Georgia; Charles G. Edwards, of Georgia; James M. Griggs, of Georgia; William M. Howard, of Georgia; Gordon Lee, of Georgia; Leonidas F. Livingston, of Georgia; Joseph F. O'Connell, of Massachusetts; Andrew J. Peters, of Massachusetts; John A. Keliher, of Massachusetts; Stephen M. Sparkman, of Florida; Robert F. Broussard, of Louisiana; Albert Estopinal, of Louisiana; James T. McDermott, of Illinois; John A. Moon, of Tennessee; George A. Bartlett, of Nevada.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

The Tariff Revised With a Vengeance

THIS is not a perfect tariff bill, nor a complete compliance with the promises made, strictly interpreted, but a fulfillment free from criticism in respect to

Poor Protection

This distressed gentlemen represents the consumer. He is worried because his "Aldrich tariff umbrella" affords him no protection.
—New York *American*

a subject matter involving many schedules and thousands of articles could not be expected.—President Taft.

Apologizing at once for himself and to the American people, Mr. Taft signed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, the making of which has consumed the extra session of Congress from March 15th to August 5th. When the sweeping repudiation of his own bill is so glaringly a complete fraud upon the public and a campaign pledges that he must sign it without the pretense of his own approval, Mr. Taft likewise signs away his self-respect as a man, and as an executive to whom the veto power has been given for the sake of preventing just such outrages upon the American people.

There are two reasons why the Payne-Aldrich bill as completed is a document of sham and shame. First, because it does not reduce those things in which the great mass of wage-earners are vitally interested. This is perceptible at once on the face of the bill, when a summary of its most important provisions is considered:

Articles Free:

Radium: As there isn't an ounce of this marvelous substance yet extracted, and as not a grain of it has ever been made in America, the admission free is one of the hugest jokes of a bill abounding in "jokers".

The products of petroleum, including kerosene, benzine, naphtha, gasoline and lubricating oils. As the Standard Oil has no competition whatever, the consumer is just as much at its mercy as if a protective tariff existed.

Benzoic acid, crude products of coal tar, cottonseed oil and croton oil. These

reductions benefit the manufacturer only. The ordinary consumer who may be driven to suicide will insist upon pure carbolic acid, instead of "the crude product of coal tar", and when he dresses his salad with cottonseed oil he will have bought it as the pure olive oil, anyhow.

Hides. This also benefits the manufacturer to a far greater extent than the slight reductions in leather hurts.

Works of art and antiquities are free. This will help feed and clothe the 90 per cent. of the 90,000,000 "ultimate consumers".

Wood pulp.

No Special Change from Dingley Rates:

Wool and woolen goods, gloves, sugar and tobacco, the latter two to be admitted free from the Phillippines. Sugar is one of the most important of foods, while the clothing and bedding which the "manufactured woolens" include mean that nearly every article of winter comfort is to bear the terrible burden of taxation as heretofore, *increased* already because the manufacturer is secure in his power.

Also chinaware and glass, clocks and watches, nickel, aluminum, bronze, pewter, platinum and all metals in common use.

Fruits, fish, nuts and other eatables.

Lace curtains, hats, buttons, gloves, and what one might term "notions".

Increases:

Cotton goods, especially of the sort the poorer people must buy, particularly hosiery. Those who have been too poor to provide proper woolen garments in winter, will now be too poor to even supply themselves and their children with sufficient coarse cotton clothing. Perhaps the strong can stand it, but God pity the aged, the feeble and the little, half-clad babies!

Less important, but still indispensable in ordinary life, plate glass, structural steel, lithographic prints (the pictures enjoyed by the poor), lead pencils, furs, lemons, pineapples, hops, shingles, cocoa (the best beverage the breakfast table could have), jewelry: opium and cocaine (the most beneficent drugs suffering humanity knows), the more expensive laces, wines and liquors. These last three only might be termed a tax upon luxuries.

Reductions:

Rough lumber, 75 cents per 1,000 feet, every piece of dressed lumber to bear extortionate rates, and all furniture or building material to be higher than ever. Nobody buys rough lumber except the manufacturer, who therefore profits in two ways—getting his material cheaper than ever, and selling it at even greater cost. This, notwithstanding the fact that improved machine methods make the dressing of lumber less expensive than it was when the Dingley rates were enacted.

Iron ore, steel rails, pig iron and scrap iron reduced in varying amounts. Soft coal slightly reduced. Agricultural implements, a 5 per cent. reduction. Print paper, reduced about $2.00 per ton, which makes it bear nearly $4.00 per ton burden more than it ought to. It is, specifically, a tax upon intelligence. Oilcloth and linoleum and windowglass, slight reductions.

All the above slight reductions are virtually of the most temporary nature, for the second reason why the Payne-Aldrich bill is an outrage is that it provides a "maximum and minimum" scale, to be applied in the discretion of the President and his aides. That is to say that under the aforesaid clause, any of these rates may be advanced quietly, without the public being taken into confidence, on the pretext that we are not receiving from another country the same treatment that country may accord "the most favored nation" on any of its exported commodities. Instead of being a penal clause against tariff discrimination against us, it is the "joker" of the bill which will increase the increases, and do entirely away with the reductions within a twelve-month.

It will be the simplest thing in the world for any powerful interest to get the maximum rates en-

forced in its favor. What are his lawyers and Congressmen and Senators for? What is Mr. Taft for, anyhow, if not to lend a willing ear to the privileged?

The 90 per cent. of the 90,000,000 may as well prepare to deliver over the fruits of their toil to the 10 per cent. who in effect govern them ruthlessly. There is scarcely any further chance to lay by something for the rainy day or old age, or for a just competence. We will have organized charities, and maybe some pensions coming on, to mitigate in minute part the ills of misgovernment. Not immediately, but the trend is all that way. Decadence has already proceeded to the point that the servile masses sit supine while they are punished and plundered; it need go but a generation or two more before the "hooligan" type will replace sturdy citizenship and where the head of a miserable family will take alms as gratefully as the head of an educational institution does now.

* * * * * *

Yip-er up for Prosperity! We had it last fall in the last laps of the Presidential race. Factories belched black smoke, and the air was vibrant with strong industrial currents. It lasted about as long as one of the furnace fires.

Such a cruel winter as followed one does not like to recall.

Then the summer brought its certain comfort. People at least do not freeze then, and park lodging is free, and a hand-out sustains life which is never, they say, inseparable from hope, despite the increasing number of suicides to disclaim it.

Now with the advent of the new tariff iniquity, something must be done to content the downtrodden with their lot, and so we hear Prosperity again. The tariff is settled and the dear "business interests" can breathe freer, they tell us. For a time we may have increased industrial activity; then "over-production", panic and all the rest. How long will the people suffer it? Must they be dragged into the very slough of despond itself before they can be roused? *Some* are hungry enough, but must *all* be starving before they will assert themselves and make it unsafe for tools of the trusts to despoil them?

Spain in Revolt

THE latter part of July witnessed in Spain one of those political upheavals which are indeterminate between riot and revolution. Concurrently with the statement that no uncensored dispatches have been allowed to get by the authorities, voluminous accounts of bloodshed and horrible tales of "nuns being butchered at their altars", have flown fast across the earth. That the Church has been an object of ferocity is true, but that women have been wilfully murdered by the Liberalists is scarcely conceivable. The government, being entirely clerical, would see that the reports did as much damage to the anti-clericals as possible and all such wild stories may safely be discounted.

The outbreak was so sudden that it apparently caught the world by surprise. Yet the kettle has been on the fire these many years and it simply boiled over. Strenuous efforts to put the cover

on have been made with some success, but the same pressure will inevitably blow it off again.

* * *

Spain has been sodden with superstition, and ground heavily under the heel of the Church. It has been misgoverned almost to the point of extinction, so far as national life is concerned. But that the people themselves are awakening from their long stupefaction is amply demonstrated. Under the enlightened policies of De Armijo, the country bade fair to become peacefully progressive, but the former minister was not *persona grata* to the Pope, and his successor, Senor Maura, is that combination of bombast and bigotry too often accredited to the Spanish grandee. He has sought to crush down the discontent (which had its hotbed in Barcelona, the point so lately aflame) without success, has consistently upheld the Churchly prerogatives, and has pushed the war in Morocco to the point of disaster to Spain. Under the terms of the Algeciras treaty, Spain was to police Morocco in

The Tables Turned

—Grue in Louisville *Herald*

conjunction with other powers. Her sphere of influence happened to include valuable mining property in the hills inhabited by the Riff tribesmen, typical untamed Moors. Spanish capitalists obtained the usual "concessions" and for their development tried to build a railroad near Melilla. It was only to be a short line, it is true, but the astute Moor could see his country being delivered over to foreign exploitation, the police powers diverted to the ends of personal graft, and, as a railroad is *per se* an abomination, the tribesmen rallied their clans under the banner of a holy war upon the infidels. Alfonso and Maura were determined, if necessary, to sacrifice the entire army of Spain and all who could be drafted into it, to uphold the national "honor" and, incidentally, to get that railroad built for the government pets. Then the people rose and Spain, if not literally baptized in blood, was very thoroughly sprinkled.

* * *

The saddest part of it is that the internal dissensions and weakness will prevent the revolutionists from thoroughly carrying the day. With the Church and the supporters of Alfonso against them, and Don Jaime, the Carlist pretender and *his* sympathizers, ready to use revolution to establish another and a worse monarchy, there is little hope now of anything but a sickening list of murders in the name of the King. Hundreds of revolutionists have been shot down, without even a court-martial, and hundreds more are being gathered into the toils.

Still, Church and State have been given a scare sufficient to send the Queen of Spain scurrying over to the shelter of a *republic*, where she may ponder upon the situation to the profit of her consort and his people. Everyone is glad she and her babies are safe, and nobody would feel much like hurting little Alfonso. They are but figureheads, after all. The Jesuits rule Spain.

Upon the government's policy now, in pursuing the Moroccan war, and more particularly in the treatment accorded the rioters, will depend its existence. The "iron-hand" will work its own destruction, whereas clemency and fair dealing will win Alfonso, the unlucky Thirteenth, a real and probably permanent popularity.

China's Railroad Tangle

RUSSIA, Japan, the United States and most of Europe have dipped their fingers in China's railway "zone" pie. The first named "does not recognize the principle contained in the notes of Great Britain, Germany, America and Austria, making objection to the Russo-Chinese preliminary and other agreements for the administration of the Manchurian railway zone," and has re-imposed taxes as a protest at what she considers a violation of the treaty. Japan, in defiance of China's protest, has begun the construction of the Antung-Mukden railroad, acting upon the support of England. This railroad is of military importance to Japan and of little other present use, and naturally China doesn't want it built as a further inroad for Japanese domination. And the Uni-

ted States, which ought to be decent, has virtually told China that she can not herself build her own railroads unless she borrows of Pierpont Morgan as well as European financiers!

Imagine the predicament of China! Her merchants taxed by Russia in the Harbin district, her protests set at defiance on the D. Straight, consul general at Mukden, give his attention to the negotiation of a loan for the American "investors!"

Favoritism could yield nothing more to the Plunderbund when it maintains executives in foreign countries to promote the exploitation of those countries by private greed! The ministers of war who

Washington, D. C. *Herald*

Mukden line and her Hankow-Szechuen road halted until our plutocrats get their share of the loot! She can not fight the whole world, and must submit to baiting on every hand.

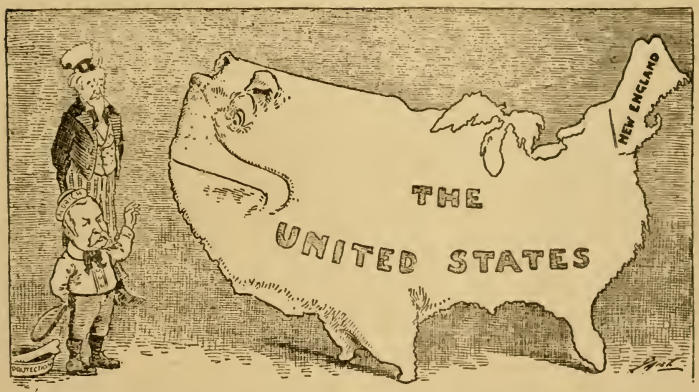
Mr. Taft has actually, through the ambassadors, Reid, White and Hill, notified England, Germany and France that Mr. Morgan is to be consulted first, and has had W. have had the glory of their own empires burned into their brains had at least the merit of a certain sort of patriotism, misguided and vicious though it might be, but an American official who has nothing to do but be the office-boy for Mr. Morgan reaches about the level of the under-secretary's poodle.

Chas. R. Crane, newly appoint-

ed minister to China, who will assume his duties about October first, puts the loan matter nicely:

In effect, he says that our bankers do not want to make money, beyond their interest on the loan. That they are "patriotic" and desire the prestige of their country to be maintained.

Sweet Mr. Crane,—dear, genial minister, how lucky Mr. Taft found you for this emergency! In order that the patriotic American bankers may participate in the loan, it must be increased. That is, China must borrow much more than she intended, bond herself for the debt the payment of which will be ground out of her toiling millions, to help no one on earth but a handful of bankers.



How Long Will the Tail Continue to Wag the Dog?

New England, through the power of Senator Aldrich, is said to dictate the legislation of the entire country. Minneapolis *Journal*

Von Bulow Abdicates

THE oft predicted resignation of Von Bulow, Chancellor of the German Empire, has become a fact, and it is notable that it is the attitude of the Chancellor himself toward the position, far more than the attitude of the Kaiser toward him, that is the subject of comment. The distinguished and able gentleman has borne for years the thankless and burdensome function of being general scapegoat. A stronger man might have controlled situations wherein Von Bulow must merely have suffered. Wholly accountable to the Emperor, he was no weak sycophant; and while often anxious to co-operate with the Reichstag, there was the insurmountable barrier created by his purely appointive status which tended to discount his evidences of sympathy with more democratic tendencies, while laying him liable to public indignation if he failed to fulfil its hopes. Elected to office and holding an avowed leadership in any legislative body, the Chancellor would no doubt have

displayed marked qualities of statesmanship; or as a fawner upon the Kaiser, he would have had an easier time. As it is, however, he found it impossible, as per Biblical warning, to serve two masters, and to steer happily through all the intricacies of German politics. The terrible increase in *indirect* taxation has created profound discontent throughout the Empire, and the fact that such increases are the result of an insane military and naval policy, render them abhorrent to the Socialist forces, ably led by August Bebel. These forces grow stronger and less inclined to be bulldozed by the "me unt Gott" policies of an egomaniac like Wilhelm. Even the "Iron Chancellor" would find his ruthless path beset with opposition the like of which was hardly dreamed of in his day, or crushed in its very incipiency. Altogether, the job of Chancellor under the thumb of the Emperor and the heel of the people is one that would be offered to the peace-loving or thin-skinned citizen in vain, and Dr. Theodore von Bethmann-Hollweg, the present incumbent, is entitled to condolences.

Clemenceau Down, But Hardly Out

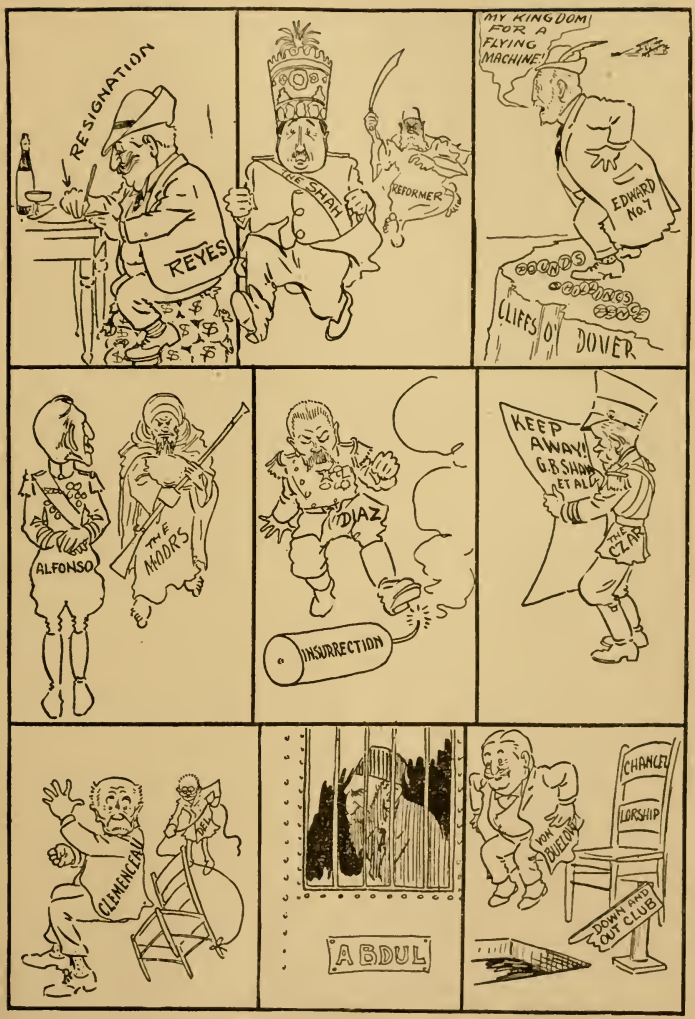
IN the French cabinet crisis, the *denouement* was quite unexpected. M. Clemenceau had made and unmade many others, so that when the Chamber of Deputies suddenly jerked the chair from under him just when he was about to sit in glory amid hearty approval of his policies, there was a certain retribution about it. In an unfortunate moment, M. Clemenceau alluded to M. Delcasse as having been responsible for the humiliation suffered by France in Morocco. France and England had practically agreed to occupy that land, some five years ago, when the German government interposed in no less a person than its own Kaiser Wilhelm, who, at Tangier, unhooded the Black Eagles and sent them aloft, screeching. The result was the Algeciras conference, wherein France was made to sing small. War should have been declared, forthwith, but the French people were not sufficiently wrought up over it, after all, to back M. Delcasse in any demands he might have made, and his downfall followed.

The sarcastic reference by Clemenceau to Delcasse, at the height of a heated debate upon French naval affairs, produced a revulsion of feeling on the part of the deputies toward M. Clemenceau, whose resignation immediately followed.

Auguste Briand, his successor, has pledged himself to continue the Clemenceau policies. Although a Socialist, Briand has been a close associate and understudy of Clemenceau.

Mexico Not Happy

SERIOUS earthquake shocks and much rioting have been Mexico's portion during the past several weeks. Scientists haven't decided upon the cause of the first, but the latter is growing tolerably plain. It has been cleverly dubbed "Diazpotism", President Porfirio Diaz having ruled his country for a quarter of a century with no gentle hand. He is



The Troubles of the Great and the Near Great

—Baltimore *Sun*

now making his eighth race for President, and will doubtless be re-elected. The contest is, however, between Vice-President Corral, supported for re-election by Diaz and Gen. Bernardo Reyes. Corral is immensely unpopular with many Mexicans, and is charged with having been lavish in granting of special favors to American capitalists. Certain it is that Diaz has long pursued a policy designed to win approval of his powerful neighbor on the North. And, so long as our people and their vested rights are protected, Diaz is sapient enough to realize that his shortcomings as to his own people will be overlooked, or his dynasty upheld in event of revolution.

The Daylight Bill

THERE has been freak legislation a-plenty, from attempting to regulate the width of "Merry Widow" hats, to reimbursing anybody, anywhere, for any loss they happened to sustain, from funds in bank to dropping a glove or mislaying the evening paper; but of all the purely ridiculous things, the English Daylight plan strikes one as being so amusing as to stand without a parallel. For over a year Mr. William Willett has been obsessed with the idea that by tinkering with the clock all England's troubles would vanish and even the Hooligans would become lusty, six-foot beef-eaters as of yore. The idea is to set the clock ahead one hour on April 20th and put it back again one hour on September the 20th, keeping ordinary time the balance of the year. This is not to fool people so much as to induce them to fool themselves, which after all, is not so very hard to do. The plan, more elegantly stated would be to:

"Promote the greater use of daylight for recreative purposes.

"Facilitate the training of Territorial forces.

"Benefit the physique, general health, and welfare of all classes of the community.

"Reduce the industrial, commercial, and domestic expenditure on artificial light."

There are those who still cling to the ancient fallacy that there is some peculiar virtue in the morning hours, notwithstanding the facts of existence seem to prove that those who lie abed keep their youthful freshness some twenty years longer than the mortal who is frantic to rise with the sun. Be that as it may, however, Mr. Willett seems to forget that artificial light is not much consumed after five o'clock in the summer mornings, so *that* argument is futile; and he likewise fails to take into account that kind of greed which would be glad of the coercion of an arbitrary time-piece to get employees to work an hour earlier, but would be very certain to *consult the sun* so far as letting them off was concerned.

The ludicrous imitators in America, styling themselves the National Daylight Association of Cincinnati, would do well to agree among themselves to get up before day, but to let the American public have its breakfast at just about the same time it has been accustomed to for some several hundred years.

The Congressman's Homecoming

—Baltimore *Sun*

Revolution Rolls South

THE turbulent zone recently moved southward from Central America and Venezuela. Colombia has been working up a revolution against Rafael Reyes, sufficient reason seeming to exist in the absence of Mr. Reyes in London. According to the unwritten law of South American Republics, if a President wants to hold his job he must sit right on the lid himself, and no substitute may be trusted to hold it down while he is away. General Jorge Holguin is acting President and has declared martial law throughout the country. The situation is said to be grave. It is difficult to get accurate reports. The revolution, however, is doubtless the outgrowth of the discontent of the Colombians over the loss of Panama and dissatisfaction with the triple treaty between Panama, the United States and Colombia, which is as yet unratified by the latter country.

Mr. Reyes is said to have declared his intention not to press his claim to the presidency, which makes for tranquility.

* * * * * *

Bolivia and Peru are having the inevitable trouble that arises from the misplacement of the line fence. Recently Brazil bought from Bolivia for ten million dollars the famous Acre district, the title to which was then in dispute between Peru and Bolivia. Left to the arbitration of President Alcorta of the Argentine Republic, his award was in favor of Bolivia and, therefore, highly unsatisfactory to the citizens of Peru, some of whom, to more adequately express their displeasure, attacked the Argentine Legation at La Paz. Should the trouble

result in real hostilities between the two countries chiefly at interest, Brazil would inevitably be drawn into the *melee*, but it is probable that neither nation is able or ready to go to actual war.

The Acre territory has been a fruitful cause of trouble for decades, and the present exacerbation appears very like a prearranged scheme on the part of the two larger and stronger countries, Peru and Argentina, to introduce some European territorial partition plan. What influence is inciting the mobs in Bolivia to attack the foreign residents there is shrewdly suspected to be not wholly of Bolivian origin.

War on the Cotton Grower

THE Southern Soft Yarn Spinners' Association, in conference assembled at Asheville, N. C., on August 7th, has formulated the plan of reducing the output and *private instructions* will be sent to each member of the association shortly. One member of this patriotic body is quoted as saying:

"With cotton at present prices, there is not a spinner in the association who can produce yarns at a profit unless it happened that he had his cotton on hand. Many mills have been closed down, and reports have been constantly coming in recently of others that will close. This condition, however, is temporary, we think."

Notwithstanding that the cotton manufacturer got especial tariff favors and notwithstanding the price of cotton goods, especially the coarse cotton hosiery and other cheaper cloth used by the masses, is going up, the mere fact that the farmer is to obtain as much as 12 cents for his cotton is enough to bring on the cut-throat methods of these industrial brigands, whom no favors can satisfy and no considerations of humanity affect.

No Celestials Need Apply

A BILL has been introduced in the Duma providing that measures be taken against the influx of Coreans and Chinese and other aliens in Amur district. This, to us, seems a very remote cry of the Yellow Peril, but is only the voice of Eastern Europe again raised in protest against the invasion of the Oriental hordes.

What Taxing Corporations Will Amount to.

—Webster in Des Moines *News*

The Income Tax

RATIFICATION of the provision for a Constitutional amendment enabling the United

States to levy an income tax is now going the rounds of the state legislatures, Alabama having the honor of voting affirmatively and Georgia the stigma of weakly tabling the question, thus delaying its consideration for at least a year. Other states will act, as their legislatures convene.

Consideration of an income tax seemed remote during the earlier days of the 61st Congress, but by an unexpected coalition between the Bailey and Cummins forces, the measure was quickly placed in such shape before both Senate and House that it passed by a large majority.

Thirty-five states must ratify the amendment, after which it must run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court. So the way of the Income Tax is seen to be beset with difficulties. That these are all specious, selfish and distinctly artificial the briefest consideration will show. The justice of an Income Tax would seem to be beyond question, and it is now in practical and satisfactory operation in Great Britain, where equitable distinction is drawn in favor of earned as against unearned incomes; in France, where all incomes are taxed, in varying percentages; in Italy, which exempts the very poor; in Holland, Spain, Denmark, Norway and Japan. In the United States, an income tax is in operation in many states and was at one time successfully employed by the Federal Government, and would have been for many years since were it not for the adverse decision by the Supreme Court, made possible by the reversal of himself by one of the judges thereof.

It is virtually conceded that New England will turn down the proposition. One could expect nothing but rock-ribbed and impregnable protection of swollen fortunes by that section. It is hoped that from the South and West will come sufficient assenting voices to completely ratify the amendment.

Hypocrisy has played so large a part, however, that it scarcely occasions surprise to hear the Hon. Elihu H. Root saying, before an Income Tax measure was even in embryo:

"I think the United States ought to have the power to lay and collect an income tax, because I want my country to have the power to summon every dollar possible to its relief in times of distress!"

And then, before the Senate, passionately protesting against it in the following words:

"Mr. President, what is it that we propose to do with the Supreme Court? Is it the ordinary case of a suitor asking for a rehearing? No; do not let us delude ourselves about that. It is that the Congress of the United States shall deliberately pass, and the President of the United States shall sign, and that the legislative and executive departments thus conjointly shall place upon the statute books as a law a measure which the Supreme Court has declared to be unconstitutional and void. And then, Mr. President, what are we to encounter? A campaign of oratory upon the stump, of editorials in the press, of denunciation and imputation designed to compel that great tribunal to yield to the force of the opinion of the executive and the legislative branches. If they yield, what then? Where then would be the confidence of our people in the justice of their judgment? If they refuse to yield, what then? A breach between the two parts of our Government, with popular acclaim behind the popular branch, all setting against the independence, the dignity, the respect, the sacredness of

that great tribunal whose function in our system of government has made us unlike any republic that ever existed in the world, whose part in our Government is the greatest contribution that America has made to political science."

Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, passing on the question before it had been brought before his tribunal, made the following queerly illogical remarks:

"The power to tax, as John Marshall said, is the power to destroy. If once you give the power to the nation to tax all the incomes, you give them the power to tax the States, not out of their existence, but out of their vitality."

Of course, the mere necessity of ratification by three-fourths of the States abundantly vindicates the question of their vitality.

But the most convincing argument that *could* be brought against the measure is that of Honest John D. Rockefeller, who protests that:

"When a man has accumulated a sum of money within the law, that is to say, in a legally honest way, the people no longer have any right to share in the earnings resulting from that accumulation. The man has respected the law in accumulating the money. *Ex-post-facto* laws should not apply to property rights. Man's right to undivided ownership of his property, in whatever form, cannot be denied him by any process short of confiscation."

The sonorous "confiscation" will sound and reverberate through the land in the course of legislative debate. But it has lost a little of its ominous effect. We are learning that where unwise laws have made possible colossal injustice, we need remedy; and where a puny rascal has depended upon society to protect his property accumulations that, left to himself, wouldn't be safe over night, society has a right to be repaid for the service in any form of taxation it may please.

Any method will be fought that looks toward relieving the wealth producer from bearing the entire burden, but it should go hard with any legislator who lines up with the plutocrats who can live in Europe, contribute nothing to their country, and have their protected incomes sent them intact,—the rent roll ground out of the poor, the dividends on stock and bonds, the interest on loans and mortgages. Any legislator who cannot see this, is either stupid or coerced.

Sweden on a Strike

AS we go to press, Sweden is in the throes of a general labor strike, the United Federation of Trades having tied up nearly every industry. Stockholm has been the chief sufferer, together with the other larger cities, they being unable to get food-stuffs brought in. The babies have suffered for milk, and the grave-diggers have refused in many instances to fulfil their offices. King Gustave is desirous of acting as peacemaker, but the Socialists are using the opportunity, so far as they dare, to declare a strike against the king and things monarchial. Much help is being sent the strikers from their fellow-tradesmen in other countries, and the outcome of so sudden, general and complete cessation of labor will be awaited with interest.

* * * *

The big strike at McKees Rocks plant, near Pittsburg, drags on with all the savage horror of medieval times; troops hurling

grapeshot into strikers, who retaliate as best they can; women beaten down by the constabulary; strike-breakers brought in under false pretenses, and held in peonage at the point of guns; ptomaine poisoning among these half-starved men from cheap canned rations; evictions of helpless families—the list is one long piteous tale of blood and cruelty, all because Mister Hoffstot "refuses to arbitrate" and the authorities back him up in his insolence.

"Pinchotism" That Counts

AT THE National Irrigation Convention at Spokane, Gifford Pinchot expressed himself in no uncertain terms as to the control of the waterways. It is not possible to judge, perhaps, of the relative value of conservation of the forests and of the water-power, but one would be inclined to be more apprehensive about the loss of water than of woods.

Mr. Pinchot charges that there is a trust forming to gain control of all the water power of the United State. It is not very difficult to see this in the steady "development" of water power by such concerns as the Westinghouse Electric Company, the General Electric Company and many others. To utilize running water as the basis of electrical energy will be one of man's greatest achievements. Herbert Spencer long ago pointed out the coincidence of happy invention with human need, and, as we see the fuel diminish in the forests and mines, it is only a question of getting heat, light and power from some source other than combustion. Our Wall Street Captains have seen this, and are laying their plans deeply and well. At point after point, water power is passing into the hands of trust subsidiaries. The result will be the most complete and abject enslavement of the public to monopoly the world has ever known. "The time for protest is very short and the water power trust will show very little consideration for the common people, if once the power of the company is centralized. *In power there is life, and the power trust will eventually control all other trusts.*"

Mr. Pinchot has sounded a warning that every legislature should hear and every court heed whenever a corporation comes before it with an offer of purchase, or plea for charter, that involves surrendering any public advantages.

Death

By Jake H. Harrison

Antithesis of life and light,
A wilting and a searing blight,
The darkness of eternal night.

The monster whom the living hate,
Of ease and rest the sister mate,
The key that opens heaven's gate.

Forget

By James W. Phillips

Once, when the day was weird,
And youthful dream was seared,
I held the lexicon
Of love, and looked upon
Its pages one by one.

Small effort brought to view
"Remorse," "regret" and "rue"
"Rembrance," "wrong," "forgive,"
With each derivative,
Within its lids did live.

But long I sought the word
Of which old saints have heard,
And in their hearts have guessed
The meaning of the rest
That in their lives was prest.

But on no page I met
The magic word "Forget,"
That tome so dim with mold,
So amber and so old,
That word can never hold.

And so I closed the book,
Weary to longer look.
Forgive? That seal is set;
But death must first be met
Before I can forget!

A GLIMPSE OF NEWER FRANCE

By EARNEST CAWCROFT

THE Quebec Ter-Centenary has ceased to be a news feature and it has passed within the circle of those more recent events awaiting the treatment of the historian. Soon a year will have rolled around since the peoples of three nations gathered in the lanes of Quebec to celebrate the Ter-Centenary, and then the chronicle of this event will be added by devoted pens to the existing vivid chapters in the lives of such men as Champlain, Montcalm and Wolfe. We must view this celebration as dealing, as finding its setting in fact, in the historical Quebec. This celebration was a tribute to the triumphs of courage, rather than to the achievements of commerce; it served to call to the minds of the people of three nations the part which the French played in entering the then unknown waters of the St. Lawrence River, traversing the basin of the Great Lakes, and exploring the valley of the Mississippi. Thus the celebration of the Ter-Centenary became an affair of the heart more than a studied appreciation of the head.

The immediate consequence of this ensuing portrayal of the historical Quebec has found expression in over-impressing upon the minds of the people of North America the relative importance of the events of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in comparison with the incidents of the nineteenth century development of commercial Quebec. This does not imply that the explorers and conquerors sent by Old France to Newer France have been given more than their just dues as measured by historical standards; but it does mean that the chronicle of the men who made historical Quebec should not be reiterated to the exclusion of the story of the efforts of the captains of commerce who combined to create a living Quebec. Quebec has been and will remain while the Continent lasts, a tourist center; but the mistake is made when it is regarded as a mere tomb to be visited by the living bent upon curious or wise appreciation of the deeds of the dead. Quebec did not cease to be interesting when the ships of modern commerce took the place of the picture boats of Champlain; the story of the Province is not completed from an American standpoint when the deeds of Wolfe alone are re-told; and the Province cannot be regarded as the historical Concord or Lexington of the Dominion, centering around the figure of Montcalm, when it is entitled to consideration as a live, vigorous state involving in its problems

principles of racial and international significance. Then when we speak of historical Quebec the reading tourist may be right in assuming that we mean the citadel city, but when we refer to Quebec in this modern day we imply that vast territorial domain rich in agricultural and commercial possibilities.

Roosevelt moved to his inauguration escorted by a parade in which the surviving Red Men of the West played a picturesque part, but the applauding multitude spoke the English tongue; the King of Britain rides into his capital to be greeted by people who speak no words but those of the Bard of Avon; but during the Ter-Centenary celebration the Prince of Wales, heir-apparent to the throne of France's traditional enemy, entered Quebec saluted by the thunder of British guns but welcomed by the huzzas of French-speaking peoples. And this strange swinging of the historical pendulum, this situation wherein the conquered French had the satisfaction of welcoming the conquerors in the language of the former as the admittedly predominant tongue of the Province, contains in its implications problems of immediate interest.

This celebration served to recall to the minds of thousands the lessons of their school days in which the junior historian pictured in colorless phrases even the picturesque part played by the French in the settlement of the lands bordering on the Northerly line of the St. Lawrence River; but those same people in many instances have failed to comprehend the full significance of the events now given expression in the French development of the Province of Quebec. Today the singular fact is presented to the world of a conquered province refusing to accept the benevolent assimilation of the conquerors while manifesting no hostile inclinations whatever. In other words, the French people are content to maintain their racial solidarity, under the protecting influence of the British Government. These facts are a credit to the government which makes them possible, a compliment indeed to the genius of the French race as a matter of fact. This refusal of the conquered to adopt the tongue of the conquerors has not been fully appreciated by the latter. Perhaps the shadow of the British throne, coupled with the line of fortifications along the St. Lawrence flying the Union Jack, have caused people to overlook the acknowledged fact that Quebec to all intents is a Newer France, and that Montreal is the commercial capital of the territory while Quebec is the historical and political cosmopolis. Thus it is not surprising that the stolid English tourist may be pained by participating in an incident on the streets of Montreal in which he asks a question in the tongue of Byron and receives an answer from a blue coat in the tongue of Hugo. The complete meaning of this fact will dawn upon the student of racial tendencies when it is recalled that eighteen hundred thousand Frenchmen live in the Province and out of that number and the remaining population, only five

hundred thousand speak the English tongue. Nor can the fact be eliminated from this discussion that the settlements for whose mastery the conquerors fought have developed into such cities as Quebec and Montreal under French commercial guidance and constructive genius.

And what is the area, pivotal location and possibilities of this scene of the triumph of the French race in newer France? Possessing a frontal position on the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, bordered by the river which empties the Great Lakes into the sea, and extending northerly to the promising shores of Hudson Bay, the original four hundred thousand square miles of land comprising the Province of Quebec have been enlarged to an area of eight hundred thousand through the operations of the July Parliament annexing Ungava to the existing domain. Within this vast domain are situated thriving cities and substantial villages of assured growth; untouched forests skirt the centers of population and the large rivers running from the tree covered regions of the North to the Gulf ports of the South provide a swift and cheap means of moving and converting the trees into timber for manufacturing purposes; coal has been found, and substantial iron ore deposits are known to exist in the North. While the Province does not claim to be a wheat growing country, and although it has no claim to distinctive agricultural interests in the sense that Alberta and Saskatchewan constitute an empire of wheat, it is admittedly a domain of mixed and profitable general farming. Maintaining its place as the historical center and commercial pivot of the Dominion, the fact is of increasing significance that Quebec is becoming one of the leading agricultural provinces of the Dominion. An explanation of this movement from the cities to the farms may be found in considering the fact that the French are willing to forsake the factories for the farms at their first opportunity. Recent statistics compiled by our Department of Commerce and Labor show that France has a larger wealth per capita than any other civilized nation. And what is the cause of this general and individual accumulation of wealth, remembering that in rural France is presented the singular condition of accumulated wealth existing without the ensuing reduction of the farmers to dire poverty? Plainly, it is due to the intensive methods of farming prevailing in France. The Republic, having caught the scientific methods of the conquering Germans, and applying it to the farm lands, rendered possible the payment of the two billion indemnity which Bismarck exacted as a condition precedent to the withdrawal of the Prussian troops from the gates of Paris. The skill and perseverance thus displayed by the people who were and are able to extract such vast wealth even from a soil tilled from the time of the Roman emperors, is certain to be followed by marked results when applied to the virgin lands comprising the Province of Quebec. Thus we find that the French peasants take a direct steamship from Havre and other

native ports for the St. Lawrence river cities, and then forthwith entering the interior to seek wealth by those same vigorous methods as they utilized in the old country, coupled with the added stimulus and advantage of a virgin soil possessing in abundance those elements of nutrition which must have existed in the Mother Country in the days of the Caesars.

But the development of the farming resources of Quebec is one of the assured subjects for concrete study in the future. The increasing number of French peasants settling in Quebec, and the zeal with which the dutiful children remain upon the old homestead, thereby obviating the absentee labor problem prevalent in the agricultural districts of the United States, are the combined factors which augur well for the future of the agricultural portions of Newer France. Indeed, those who have visited France prior to touring Quebec are struck with the resemblance between the cultivated rural portions of the Province and that section of the Old World country adjoining the famous military highways converging at Amiens. There seems to be that same tint of grass, a similar gleam to the atmosphere on a summer afternoon, and, indeed, a like attention given to the very details of farming; a noticeable resolve to get the largest production out of every acre without sapping those elements of soil which are the basis of successful tillage in future years.

Further consideration of rural Quebec may be dismissed when it is borne in mind that in the cities of Quebec and Montreal the French genius has displayed itself in the settlement and development of Newer France. Here in these growing towns the French vigor and constructive capacity has outraced the conquering Englishmen as measured by those peaceable standards of accumulating wealth, evident political power and the continual increase of the already predominant Gallic population.

The experienced tourist who views the marks of European hands upon the City of Quebec will not be surprised when informed that the solidarity of Newer France shows no signs of weakening. In this instance, the power of "benevolent assimilation" has been exercised by the conquered, not by the conquerors; just as in the South the hand of the aristocratic white families has stayed the power of the triumphant blacks backed by the Federal Government. These two instances on the Continent of North America are the most remarkable in the world's racial history; and as the Gallic hold on the Province of Quebec seems to become stronger, while the negro domination of the South is destined to disappear by the tacit consent of the Northerners, a consideration of the possibilities involved in the former situation, as bearing upon the political map-changing of the Continent, includes an interesting study of the salient features of racial preservation.

Were a European transported by flying machine during the course of one night to the City of Quebec, he would arise in the morning thinking that he had merely moved to another part of the Continent. From the cathe-

dral-like embankment he would look down upon the ships flying the flags of all nations, welcomed to the broad port afforded by the widening St. Lawrence nearing the Atlantic; and from the windows of the picturesque Chateau Frontenac he could look down on the business blocks and residences possessing every evidence of European design and construction. Then Quebec is a city of spacious highways and alternating lanes, each leading to a public square in the center of which memorial monuments remind one of the taste displayed in Paris. Thus on every hand, the citadel on one side and the ships on the other, the dash given to the city by the soldiers, the monuments to French explorers and generals, the uniformly dressed boys and girls studying under the direction of the religious orders, the French flags and the quaint taverns, combine to retain those characteristics of Old World life which are the factors in maintaining the solidarity of the French in Newer France. This proposition is plain to every reader who remembers that adult persons seldom change within themselves, but only as they enter a new country where the dissimilar customs and wider measure of self-government permit of altered expression.

And what is the effect of this admitted condition upon the Gallic predominance in Quebec and the consequent political developments? It is plain that every force is working to preserve the religious, social and political solidarity of the French in Quebec. When eighty persons out of a hundred in Quebec speak French only, what incentive is afforded the peasant to learn the tongue of his King Edward, except for the possible purpose of catering to the crowd of one-tongued tourists from the United States? When the intrenched and wealthy church provides instruction of admitted merit and then teaches young and old alike that education without religious emphasis is futile, can it be wondered that the spread of the Enlish tongue does not keep pace with the volume of the French babble? One need not be surprised, then, that as he approaches Quebec by way of Levis, the clatter of French tongues and the French papers offered by the boys on the ferry, serve as startling reminders of the mastery which the citizens of the Third Republic continue to exercise over the largest single territorial domain on the Continent.

Nor is there any indication that this mastery will suffer dimunition. Eighteen hundred thousand persons, sustained by religious institutions and taking a just pride in their political triumph over the subjects of an English King to whom they show every evidence of loyalty, are not likely to be dislodged from their position of power. One of the things which an intending immigrant considers in his native land is the matter of selecting *a place* for work in the New World where his particular trade is developed and where the tongue of his ancestors is spoken, if possible. The Province of Quebec abounds in varied textile establishments, and thus the Frenchman knows that work is at hand if he times his arrival with that of a period of national pros-

perity. In addition, he has not failed to realize that the predominant French population and religious institutions of the Province assure him a new and larger field for effort without those disturbing influences of New World life which distress the ordinary newcomer. Thus he is convinced that of all points in the New World the Province of Quebec to a larger degree than any other presents an opportunity to commence life anew amidst friends and familiar customs. The steamship companies have ships running directly from France to St. Lawrence ports, and it is not unnatural that the immigrants are the marked factors in the maintenance of the racial predominance in this historical province. A satisfied settler, writing to his relatives in the Old World that they may secure larger wages and enjoy the familiar social and religious customs of their native heath, is a more influential factor in turning the tide in the direction of Quebec than a score of government colonizing agents. And, indeed, this is just the relationship which the Gallic population of Quebec bears to their friends in the Mother Country.

But the birth rate sustained by the French residents is the real conservator of this racial predominance. While discussions of race suicide in the United States have elicited frequent references to the sterility of the French nation, this should not mislead students into inferring that the French residents of Quebec suffer from either disinclination or disability. Large families are the rule in the Province and a couple without children are the subject for comment in church and social circles. The Provincial Government approved of this tendency to rear large families, and it provides that an extensive farm shall be granted to every man with more than twelve children. The fact that many fathers are privileged to claim the grant from the Government is as promising as it is convincing. This conclusion seems to be the more striking when it is recalled that in many countries this offer would be no stimulus to the birth rate, because the modern Anglo-Saxon family never approaches that number. The children of these families, dressed in the school regalia of the Church when mere youths and reared amidst the monuments and tongue which serve as reminders of the Mother Country, are not to be disintegrated by any mere social relationship with the English-speaking peoples. It is true, indeed, and a matter for study, that during times of industrial distress, an increasing number of French Canadians seek such textile centers as Fall River, Haverhill, Lawrence and New Bedford, and there they come into contact, feel the business necessity, in fact, of obtaining a working knowledge of the English tongue. The use of a language other than their own is the first break in the racial solidarity so well maintained in Quebec; and this intermingling of the French of that Province with the New Englanders may be the key to the assimilation of the Gallics by the nationalistic spirit of the Dominion.

Historical associations thus furnish the basis for this solidarity

in the City of Quebec, but a walk through the streets and along the extensive docks of Montreal shows that this condition is based upon something more real than Old World sentiment. The French have thrived in Montreal; they have triumphed from a commercial standpoint over the English, despite the banking and steamship connections of the latter; they have lived in the Province of Quebec and the City of Montreal so long that they have conquered the conqueror by the mere force of numbers; the latter finds striking illustration in the signs printed in French showed the destined streets of the trolley cars. Then there are the native banks making concessions to obvious sentiment by printing their corporate English names in French on their business windows; and the passing newsboy completes the picture of the Old World in the New by passing out his extra Gallic sheet unless he is prodded to go to the bottom of his bag for a Yankee edition just in on the Boston express train.

Montreal has tapped the wheat of the West and grown rich in the tolls. Montreal is the grain port, the real wheat center of the Dominion, whatever may be rightfully said of those promising Canadian cities at the head of Lake Superior. New York's policy of Erie Canal development and the proposed improvement of the Mississippi for the purposes of grain transportation, may deter the movement to make Montreal the leading grain export center of the Continent. Yet the student of commercial problems, who surveys the wharves of Montreal, as elegant as those of Hamburg and as adequate as the quays of Glasgow, is convinced that Montreal, through facilities and shipping lines, has obtained a commercial supremacy which can not be overthrown in the course of generations.

The French predominance in Quebec, then, is based upon something more sensible than sentiment; it is founded upon the possession of the coin, the control of the banks, the ownership of steamships, and these backed by a resistless tide of French immigration, coupled with a rising birth rate, eliminates all doubts as to the racial future of the Province. In political and commercial possession of two such cities as Quebec and Montreal, racial pride and self-interest will stimulate the tendency to maintain the racial solidarity. Newer France gave Laurier to the Dominion of Canada and the constructive policies which he has inaugurated have won the approval of the whole people for the genius of this man as a Premier. Thus the French in Quebec are making good from the standpoint of quantity and quality. Did not Laurier effect that compromise whereby under quasi-governmental ownership the Grand Trunk Pacific will bring the wheat of the Yankee settlers down to the elevators of Montreal there to be subjected to the tolls of the French exporters before being received aboard the European-bound steamers? And did not French Quebec, a veritable paradox of racial problems, furnish the sagacious Lemieux, who journeyed to Tokio to arrange with the Government of Japan an agree-

ment designed to protect the English settlers of Alberta and British Columbia from the contamination of the Oriental influx?

Need we remark, in passing, that the spirit of Canadian nationalism is abroad in the land. This means no disloyalty to England's King, but rather intense devotion to the principles of free government. A French Prime Minister, backed by the Liberal majorities furnished by the French in Quebec, has entered upon the policy of making commercial agreements, bordering indeed upon formal treaties, with foreign powers without consulting with Downing street. Only last year Laurier demonstrated his power when he gave a preferential tariff rate to France over England. All these sentimental customs and historical monuments; all these forces based upon the convergence of the self-interests of Canadians in Canada, mean that the day is coming when the Dominion will step forth as one of the nations of the world. This will not come by annexation to the United States, nor by Yankee assimilation in the Western provinces, notwithstanding the continued influx from the American West. But it will come as a necessary step in the evolution of representative government; it will spring forth as one of the essentials in commercial development when the interests of the Dominion too largely conflict with the Mother Country. And thus, with no thought of imputing disloyalty to the French of Newer France, is it not obvious that the monuments, customs, language and racial pride which assure the preservation and development of this Gallic solidarity will be effective factors for an independent government when the day arrives for the peaceable separation of the bonds which tie the Dominion to Old England? Will the French of Newer France long mourn when the scepter taken from their ancestors by the English is returned to their possession as sovereign citizens, not as subjects?

To a Still-Born Babe

By Nina Hill Robinson

Thou tiny little waif!
How strange that thou hast lived
But that thy faint heart beats were stilled.
Ere yet the breath of life thy nostrils filled.
On Earth's dark brders thou didst fight,
But God, for thee, a heavenly fate had sealed
And called thee home, ere thou
To earth didst yield.

My tear drops wash thy cheek,
And still, my heart is glad
That thou art all of good and none of bad;
That only heaven thy heart has known;
That none of Earth's dark seed were sown.
I'm glad our Father lent thee for a moment here
That earth might seem less sweet
And heaven more dear.

LETTERS TO AARON BURR

[DESCRIBING THE HORRORS OF ST. DOMINGO WHEN THE NEGROES DROVE OUT THE FRENCH. PUBLISHED IN 1808. THE LETTERS WERE PROBABLY WRITTEN IN 1801-2. AARON BURR WAS AT THAT TIME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THE NAME OF THE LADY WRITER IS NOT GIVEN IN THE BOOK]

Letter II.

Cape Francois.

WHAT a change has taken place here since my last letter was written! I mentioned that there was to be a grand review, and I also mentioned that the confidence General LeClerc placed in the negroes was highly blamed, and justly, as he has found to his cost.

On the day of the review, when the troops of the line and the *guarde nationale* were assembled in the field, a plot was discovered, which had been formed by the negroes in the town, to seize the arsenal and to point the cannon of a fort, which overlooked the place of review, on the troops; while Clairvaux, the mulatto general, who commanded the advance posts, was to join the negroes of the plain, overpower the guards, and entering the town, complete the destruction of the white inhabitants. This part of the plot was discovered and defeated. But Clairvaux made good his escape, and in the evening attacked the post General LeClerc had so imprudently confided to him. The consternation was terrible. The *guarde nationale*, composed chiefly of Creoles, did wonders. The American captains and sailors volunteered their services; they fought bravely, and many of them perished. The negroes were repulsed; but if they gained no ground they lost none, and they occupy at present the same posts as before. The pusillanimous General LeClerc, shrinking from danger of which his own imprudence has been the cause, thought only of saving himself. He sent his plated and valuable effects on board the admiral's vessel, and was preparing to embark secretly with his suite, but the brave Admiral LaTouche de Treville sent him word that he would fire with more pleasure on those who abandoned the town, than on those who attacked it.

The ensuing morning presented a dreadful spectacle. Nothing was heard but the groans of the wounded, who were carried through the streets to their homes, and the cries of the women for their friends who were slain.

The general shut up in his house, would see nobody; ashamed of the weakness which had led to this disastrous event, and of the want of courage he had displayed: a fever seized him and he died in three days.

Madame LeClerc, who had not loved him whilst living, mourned his death like the Ephesian matron, cut off her hair, which was very beautiful, to put it in his

coffin; refused all sustenance and all public consolation.

General Rochambeau, who is at Port au Prince, has been sent for by the inhabitants to take the command. Much good is expected from the change, he is said to be a brave officer and an excellent man.

Monsieur D'Or is in the interim Captain General, and unites in himself the three principal places in the government: Prefect Colonial, Ordonnateur, and General in Chief.

All this bustle would be delightful if it was not attended by such melancholy consequences. It keeps us from petrifying, of which I was in danger.

I have become acquainted with some Creole ladies, who, having stayed in the Island during the revolution, relate their sufferings in a manner which harrows up the soul; and dwell on their recollection of their long lost happiness with melancholy delight. St. Domingo was formerly a garden. Every inhabitant lived on his estate like a sovereign ruling his slave with despotic sway, enjoying all that luxury could invent, or fortune procure.

The pleasures of the table were carried to the last degree of refinement. Gaming knew no bounds, and libertinism, called love, was without restraint. The Creole is generous, hospitable, magnificent, but vain, inconstant, and capable of serious application; and in this abode of pleasure and luxurious ease vices have reigned at which humanity must shudder. The jealousy of the women was often terrible in its consequences. One lady, who had a beautiful negro girl continually about her person, thought she saw some symptoms of *tendresse* in the eyes of her husband, and all the furies of jealousy seized her soul.

She ordered one of her slaves to cut off the head of the unfortunate victim, which was instantly done. At dinner her husband said he felt no disposition to eat, to which his wife, with the air of a demon, replied, perhaps I can give you something that will excite your appetite; it has at least had that effect before. She arose and drew from a closet the head of Coomba. The husband, shocked beyond expression, left the house and sailed immediately for France, in order never again to behold such a monster.

Many similar anecdotes have been related by my Creole friends, but one of them, after having excited my warmest sympathy, made me laugh heartily in the midst of my tears. She told me that her husband was stabbed in her arms by a slave whom he had always treated as his brother; that she had seen her children killed, and her house burned, but had been herself preserved by a faithful slave, and conducted, after incredible sufferings, and through innumerable dangers to the Cape. The same slave, she added, and the idea seemed to console her for every other loss, saved all my madras handkerchiefs.

The Creole ladies have an air of voluptuous languor which renders them extremely interesting. Their eyes, their teeth, and their hair are remarkably beautiful, and they have acquired from the habit of commanding

their slaves, an air of dignity which adds to their charms. Almost too indolent to pronounce their words they speak with a drawling accent that is very agreeable: but since they have been aroused by the pressure of misfortune many of them have displayed talents and found resources in the energy of their own minds which it would have been supposed impossible for them to possess.

They have a natural taste for music; dance with a lightness, a grace, an elegance peculiar to themselves, and those, who, having been educated in France, unite the French vivacity to the Creole sweetness, are the most irresistible creatures that the imagination can conceive. In the ordinary intercourse of life they are delightful; but if I wanted a friend on any extraordinary occasion I would not venture to rely on their stability.

Letter III.

Cape Francois.

The so much desired General Rochambeau is at length here. His arrival was announced, not by the ringing of bells, for they have none, but by the firing of cannon. Everybody, except myself, went to see him land, and I was prevented, not by want of curiosity, but by indisposition. Nothing is heard of but the public joy. He is considered as the guardian, as the savior of the people. Every proprietor feels himself already on his habitation, and I have even heard some of them disputing the quality of the coffee they expect soon to gather; perhaps these sanguine Creoles may find that they have reckoned without their host.

However, *en attendant*, the General, who it seems bears pleasure as well as conquest in his train, gives a grand ball on Thursday next. We are invited, and we go.

My letter shall not be closed till after the ball of which I suppose you will be glad to have a description.

But why do you not write to me?

I am ignorant of your pursuits and even of your place of abode, and though convinced that you cannot forget me, I am afflicted if I do not receive assurances of your friendship by every vessel that arrives.

In continuation.

Well, my dear friend, the ball is over—that ball of which I promised you a description. But who can describe the heat or suffocating sensations felt in a crowd?

The General has an agreeable face, a sweet mouth, and most enchanting smile; but—"Like the sun, he shone on all alike", and paid no particular attention to any object. His uniform was *a la hussar*, and very brilliant; he wore red boots:—but his person is bad, he is too short; a Bacchus-like figure, which accords neither with my idea of a great general nor a great man.

But you know one of my faults is to create objects in my imagination on the model of my incomparable friend, and then to dislike everything that I meet because it falls short of my expectations.

Madame LeClerc has sailed for France with the body of her hus-

band, which was embalmed here.

The place is tranquil. The arrival of General Rochambeau seems to have spread terror among the negroes. I wish they were reduced to order that I might see the so much vaunted habitations where I should repose beneath the shade of orange trees; walk on carpets of rose leaves and frenchipone; be fanned to sleep by silent slaves, or have my feet tickled into ecstasy by the soft hand of a female attendant.

Such were the pleasures of the Creole ladies whose time was divided between the bath, the table, the toilette and the lover.

What a delightful existence; Thus to pass away life in the arms of voluptuous indolence; to wander over fleecy fields of unfading verdure, or through forests of majestic palm-trees, sit by a fountain bursting from a savage rock frequented only by a cooing dove, and indulge in these enchanting solitudes all the reveries of an exalted imagination.

But the moment of enjoying these pleasures is, I fear, far distant. The negroes have felt during the ten years the blessings of liberty, for a blessing it certainly is, however acquired, and they will not be easily deprived of it. They have fought and vanquished the French troops, and their strength has increased from a knowledge of the weakness of their opposers, and the climate itself combats for them. Inured to a savage life they lay in the woods without being injured by the sun, the dew or the rain. A negro eats plantain, a sour orange, the herbs and roots of the field, and requires no clothing, whilst this mode of living is fatal to the European soldiers. The sun and the dew are equally fatal to them, and they have perished in such numbers that, if reinforcements do not arrive, it will soon be impossible to defend the town.

The country is entirely in the hands of the negroes and whilst their camp abounds in provisions, everything in town is extremely scarce and enormously dear.

Every evening several old Creoles, who live near us, assemble at our house, and talk of their affairs. One of them, whose annual income before the revolution was fifty thousand dollars, which he always exceeded in his expenses, now lives in a miserable hut and prolongs with the greatest difficulty his wretched existence. Yet he still hopes for better days, in which hope they all join him. The distress they feel has not deprived them of their gaiety. They laugh, they sing, they join in the dance with the young girls of the neighborhood, and seem to forget their cares in the prospect of having them speedily removed.

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACK McGHEE

Chapter III.

"WHAT a pity old man Adam had such an amiable disposition!" As there was no reply save in a puzzled look in the face of his companion, he knit his brows and went on:

"If the old man had had less of an eye for hair and eyes and lips, a shapely figure, and other feminine deceptions and superficialities, and more consideration for what went into his stomach, as sensible men of all ages have had, he would not have got us all into this trouble by eating from that miserable dish of fruit his wife set before him, which has caused the world to suffer from a horrible indigestion ever since, and you and I even to this day to eat bread by the sweat of our faces."

To the continued bewilderment of the young lady, who from the seriousness of his manner and the ridiculousness of his speech did not know whether to sympathize or to laugh, he got up from his seat on the steps of the porch and began pacing back and forth in front of her in an earnest and agitated manner, his face drawn, his fists clenched, and his bosom heaving, as if he had an idea of immediately seeking personal redress of Adam.

This young man of twenty-two is introduced as Mr. Thompson; the next time you see him you call him Thompson; ever after that it is Jim. Yet he kept a journal; he was a combination fellow. On the fly-leaf of the journal was written "James Carlton Thompson, Commonly Known as Jim." This pleasant September evening he was doing something unusual with him; he was talking with a pretty young woman of twenty, and out under the moon. Since we saw him doubled up at the big secretary he had grown into a tall, well-figured young man. His handsome head, covered with rich auburn hair, was well set upon a pair of broad, square shoulders. The glow of youth was in his cheeks, the joy of life and hope in his every lineament and movement. Yet he had the student's stamp: a plainly marked furrow cut deep between his light eyebrows, and still a certain dreaminess in his glistening gray eyes, a dreaminess, though, which often gave way to a mischievous twinkle. He was talking in a vein of blended seriousness and jest quite characteristic of him, but which Aileen Hall had not yet learned to understand.

This Aileen Hall interested him. She interested him far more than most young women had interested him before, and he was taking more pains to interest her than he had been accustomed to take with the young women it had been his lot to meet in this world. And he found himself compelled to keep

up a continuous fight within himself to maintain his firm belief that it was not the brightness of her clear blue eyes, nor the rich gold of her hair, nor the beautiful curves of her delicately tinted cheeks which made her interesting to him and impelled him to seek to interest her. Jim was accustomed to protest that he was not a "ladies' man." He despised the term. "I like to converse with a sensible person," his journal said, "be he man, woman, old maid, grandfather, or little boy. But why should a pretty girl interest me just because she is pretty any more than should a pretty horse, for the same reason?" This was written during his college days, it is true, but that period in the student's life when he makes himself believe that he delights only in what he calls "intellectuality" in a woman, just as he would delight equally in intellectuality in a man, had lasted longer with him than with most young men. And only a few weeks before this night, after his first interview, a business interview, you may recall, with this same young woman, he had taken out the book which was "strictly private" and bantered thus with himself:

"What is woman that I should be mindful of her? If she have brains, let her come forth and I will hold discourse with her, yea and find delight in her—possibly. But if she have only bright eyes and rosy lips and golden hair, and bloom on the cheeks, and delicately formed ankles, and things of that ilk—what are these that man, made in the image of his Maker, should be mindful of, and waste his time withal, and his substance, and his sleep?"

None the less, significant or not, scarcely an hour had passed since that first interview that he had not been mindful of her; and tonight, as his first day at Hollisville was drawing to a close, he could not repel the consciousness that in her he had discovered the one bright redeeming feature of the nine months' otherwise gloomy prospect which lay before him. He justified his inability to resist this feeling by saying to himself that she was the "only approach to a really cultivated person" he had found or hoped to find in the whole place.

Jim had arrived that morning. Hollisville lay lingering and sweltering in the sand and in the sun. The "business portion" of the town consisted of some half dozen stores facing the railroad, all one-story wooden buildings set up off the ground. The keepers were standing in the doors, some alone, some surrounded by one or more village loafers, all busily engaged in the useful occupation of watching the train, and staring curiously at this tall, youthful-looking man with a bicycle. Sitting under a large water-oak tree in front of one of the stores, were two men in shirt sleeves chewing tobacco and playing checkers. Several men were standing or sitting on boxes near by watching the game and expressing their opinions as to the moves. Out in the sandy street were several wagons and buggies. Some lazy-looking horses and mules were hitched to the limbs of trees and to a hitch-rack made of a many-pronged cedar log across the top of two posts.

Swarms of gnats and flies performed the office of keeping these animals from going to sleep. A dozen or more lazy-looking negroes, of all ages and shades of color, were sitting around on the station platform, talking and whittling, or just sitting still and silently watching the train with as much wonder as if they had not thus watched it ever since they were big enough to walk or crawl out where they could see it, and as if to watch the train were not their chief function and calling in life. Lounging around among the negroes, licking them or licking themselves and snapping at flies, were some several dozen dogs—"yaller dawgs," an average of about one and a half "yaller dawgs" to every negro.

This was Jim's first introduction to Hollisville. No wonder he was delighted to find one bright spot.

Followed by half a dozen negro boys, each with his tongue hanging out and his eyes stretched, he rolled his bicycle to where the men were playing checkers, and inquired the way to Mr. Tilson's.

"What! You mean Professor Tilson's?" asked three or four in the group. While one of the men stepped out into the street to point the way, the others examined the bicycle, which was a novelty in Hollisville.

"Have you come to school?"

Jim was chagrined at this question. He had tried so hard to look dignified and important, and here he was taken for a schoolboy. But he smothered his feelings and smoothed his face.

"Well, yes; I guess you can call it that," he replied, forcing a smile.

"That's the new Professor," remarked some one after he had gone.

"What! That ar kid a Perfessor?" exclaimed one of the checker players, whose name was Ed Oldham. He stared after the bicycle and added, "Well, if he comes along here ridin' that kind o' baby carriage, the boys sho'll do him up. Anyhow, though, he looks like he got mo' sense than that ar Tilson. Hit's yo' move, Bill."

And the game proceeded. The crowd would have been horrified at the disrespectful remark about such a great man as Professor Tilson, but it was understood that Ed had always entertained a special aversion to the H. C. M. I. and its distinguished President, so they passed it by, especially since Bill just then made a move on the checker board which seemed to put Ed's forces into a pretty bad predicament.

Jim was met at the door by a middle-aged lady in a large white apron and a pair of large rings in her ears. This was Mrs. Alston, the Professor's sister, who was called the "Matron."

"Come in," she said, when Jim had told her who he was, "you are the new Professor, ain't you? The Professor said you would come today. The Professor is not here right now, but there's Professor Walter, the Professor's brother. We call the Professor Professor, and Professor Walter, we call him Professor Walter, and that's the way we tell them apart. I mean when we talk about them, you know. When they are both here we can tell them apart easy

enough. They do not look anything at all alike. Aileen, that's Miss Hall, you know. She came yesterday. She's a teacher, too, but then the Professor has made her his secretary. He has done a good deal for her, but Lor! he's always doing things for people. Have you seen the Professor? He is very busy, as the Institute will open promptly Monday morning. That is, of course, if it doesn't rain. I don't think it will rain, do you? Have a seat. It's a pleasant day."

All this she said in one breath, and before Jim was well inside the door. "Professor Walter" was sitting on a lounge in one corner of the room, discoursing to his own great delectation upon a guitar. While making disagreeable sounds on the guitar, he was also making disagreeable smells from a cigarette upon which he was drawing ravenously.

In the middle of a sentence—she was always in the middle of a sentence; her sentences had only middles, they had no ends—Mrs. Alston suddenly stopped and told Walter he was not playing that tune right. She hummed it for him—it was "Little Annie Rooney"—but as he did not seem to catch it, she went to the piano and played it over for him. Presently a servant called her, and she left the room, still in the middle of a sentence.

Professor Walter had not left the lounge or in any way noticed the newcomer: but now, as the burden of entertainment was thrown upon him, he stopped his guitar and took out a package of cigarettes, holding out the box toward Jim. Jim declined. Professor Walter asked for a match and lit one.

"I smoke too many myself," he observed as he threw the match out of the window, and picked up the guitar.

"Do you play on the guitar, Professor?"

No, Jim did not play on the guitar. With a spirit of the most heartless cruelty, Professor Walter proceeded to mortify him by playing "The Spanish Fandango" in his most artistic manner. When he had played about a minute and a half a string popped. The performer gritted his teeth, in which act he unwittingly bit off the end of his cigarette, causing him to spit violently out of the window near by, using some words under his breath which Jim did not hear. Then he disentangled the broken string and proceeded to tie a knot in it.

"Don't you play on any instrument, Professor?"

"No, I'm sorry to say, I do not," answered Jim.

"Well," observed Professor Walter, winding up his guitar string, "if you stay in this town, you will have to learn to play on some instrument. Everybody here plays on one or more."

Jim felt sorry he could not play, but made no reply.

"I play on four," said Professor Walter. Then he took a long draw from his cigarette, inhaled the great volume of smoke, held it a while, and let it escape in streams through his nose, his mouth, and, apparently, his eyes, ears, hair, and the pores of his skin, very much after the fashion of a charcoal kiln. After this, he laid the cigarette down, hoisted

his right foot to his left knee, pulled up both of his sleeves, and struck up "The Carnival of Venice."

When he finished this tune, which he managed to do without stopping more than four times to tune his guitar, he set the instrument upon his knee and looked at his audience, waiting for some expression of admiration. Jim had to make some remark.

"What four instruments do you play, Professor?" he ventured.

Professor Walter counted on his fingers as he enumerated:

"Guitar, autoharp, piano, and harmonica."

Then leaving his audience in that state of wonder and awe the presence of so remarkable and versatile a musical genius must necessarily inspire, he tuned his guitar again and entered with his whole soul into a spirited interpretation of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

But alas! Jim's enjoyment of this, and Walter's chief enjoyment, which was the impression he was making on Jim, were destined to be interfered with, although the tune itself was not interrupted, by the entrance of no less a personage than the President of the H. C. M. I. himself, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson. Just behind him was Miss Hall. Tilson shook hands and smiled most benignantly; and Aileen beamed such a welcome that the bad impressions made upon him by his surroundings were for the moment dispelled.

And they stayed dispelled, too, for the rest of the day. Tilson soon after greeting Jim left him in Aileen's charge, and when we see him on the porch with her after supper, out under the moon, he had left her but the brief half hour it took him to get his trunk into his room and change his dusty clothing for some which made him feel better because he thought they made him look better. He had not indeed been with her all that time alone; not even out there on the porch. There had been Mrs. Alston, always in the middle of a sentence, and Professor Walter, who played on one or more of his four instruments, and Miss Anderson, another teacher in the school, and Patterson, who sang, and several of the students who had come in. But now they were all happily gone, and the "new Professor" was left alone with the "only approach to a really cultivated person" in Hollisville. The two, having rapidly advanced to the point in their acquaintance for interchanging confidences of that nature, had been describing their respective conceptions of the meaning of existence, and the relation of man to the original purposes of creation. For illustrations, they had not indeed strayed very far from their own personal experiences and circumstances; the jump back to Adam's domestic affairs was a most abrupt performance. Aileen did not laugh, for the young man was almost tragically serious. Here is a man, he was saying, with a purpose in life, with a strength, too, as well as a will to rise above low, groveling things and do something in the world to justify his existence. Lo, the fields of opportunity lie all stretched out before him, but he is bound hand and foot by the iron chains of necessity. Instead

of completing his law course and entering at once upon a career of honor and usefulness to his people and his State, here he is compelled to waste precious life and energy for, perhaps, two or three years, and in such a place as this, in order to get enough of this vile and filthy lucre called money to defray his personal expenses.

"Why do you teach?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, I love it," she relied. "And while I suppose I am teaching because I have to, there is such opportunity to do good in the world, especially in a small place like this. Besides, Professor Tilson is such a practical man, one can so easily see the result of one's work upon the lives of others."

Jim had been pacing back and forth, talking in a semi-soliloquy, as if almost unconscious of her presence. She felt flattered rather than chagrined at this. She was young, but she had had experience enough to know that one way a man has of flattering a woman is to pretend to think in her presence. When he turned suddenly and asked "Why do you teach?" she was glad of the opportunity to let him know that she too had ideals, but that she was realizing hers. Her answer was a surprise to him. He stopped and looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, and then, changing his manner entirely, sat down on the step beside her. What, after all, had he to complain of? Why not make the most of the situation? True, he was forced to postpone entering upon his career as a lawyer, but this was only for a short time. Meanwhile, there might be some compensating circumstances: he might, for instance, do something for the advancement of the world even as a teacher. And here was one who was to be associated with him, who lived and labored in the world with a purpose in view, with whom service and duty and the world's advancement, not mere ease and pleasure, seemed to be guiding principles. She, indeed, had ideals similar to his own, and they were to work together. She was sitting just above him, but a few feet away, her head resting against the railing of the steps and her eyes fixed upon him, a radiant smile lighting up her face. Jim was looking into these eyes, and whatever he thought he was thinking about guiding principles and that sort of thing, his journal entry describing the conversation contained this: "A pink rose was stuck in her golden hair, which, arranged like a semi-circular pompadour, shone like the corona around the sun; and the rays from her two big bright blue orbs, shining out into the night, went into me somewhere and—and —lit me up inside."

Anyway, Jim began to take a keen interest in his immediate surroundings, and the two young teachers soon fell into a discussion of the school, and into more or less elaborate expositions of their respective theories of education. For, while Jim was preparing himself for the law and had no other idea of teaching except as a stepping stone to something better, he had theories. Indeed, while at college he had studied pedagogy for a whole half a term, and in the company of the Professor of Pedagogy, had gone on three or four expeditions of in-

spection of the city schools. Hence, very well he might reasonably consider that he knew all about it. And the young lady, while two years younger than Jim, had been graduated from college at nineteen and had had a year's experience under no less distinguished a preceptor than Professor J. Marquinius T. himself. She entered, therefore, with great enthusiasm into the instruction of the new teacher in the correct ways of teaching, as they were conceived and executed by the President of the H. C. M. I.

"How many teachers have you in the school?" he asked.

"7," was the prompt reply. And she did not speak in the word "seven," but in the figure. "Yes," she went on, seeing that Jim was impressed, "we have 7 teachers, 139 students, representing 11 counties in this State, besides 3 counties outside the State. The teachers board in the same house and eat at the same table with the students, so that they have parental care and attention."

Jim thought he had read something like this in one of the circulars inclosed in the letter he had received from Hollisville, but he may have been mistaken, so he made no reference to it, and the young lady continued.

"When Professor came here, the school was hardly anything. Now it has grown to be the largest school in the southeastern section of the State. It has grown from 79 students to 139 and from one county represented to 14."

Being sufficiently impressed with these mighty figures, Jim wanted to know how the work went on in the school room by which such wonderful results were obtained.

"What do you teach?" he asked.

"I taught, last year, let me see now—I taught French and German, physical geography, calisthenics, botany, English literature, rhetoric, zoology, trigonometry, elocution, dictation, and moral philosophy. Then I filled out my time by helping with the girls. I had a few of the larger girls who were under my especial care. They sat in my room at school and were completely under my control. They couldn't speak, not even to borrow a pencil or a book, without getting permission from me." And her face glowed with particular delight as she told of this. But she added, "Professor has the same rule in all the rooms. He has an Officer of the Day to report all the students who misbehave or break any of the rules. The Officer of the Day does not have any recitations himself, but he puts on a red sash and keeps his cap on all the time and sits up on the stage with paper and pencil to take down any one's name who talks or misbehaves. He has to hand in a written report just before the school closes every day."

When she had described the character and duties of this extraordinary functionary, she stopped, leaned her head against the post, and looked at Jim to see if he were sufficiently impressed. He was impressed, but not with that wonderful Officer of the Day. She was so in earnest, so enthusiastic, so filled with the idea of the perfect wonder of it, that back of those luminous blue eyes there was something which seemed to him very much more important.

"What system of punishment do you like?" she asked.

Jim racked his memory in vain for something his pedagogy books had said on "systems of punishment." Finally in humiliation he had to confess that he was not familiar enough with the various "systems" to express a preference.

"We have the extra duty system," she observed. "Are you familiar with that?"

His blank face showed her that he was not, and she started with renewed enthusiasm into a somewhat elaborate exposition of it.

"If a boy laughs out loud he has to walk two hours of extra duty, and he has to walk with his hands down by his side, his shoulders erect, and his gun across his shoulder. If—"

"Are they supplied with guns?" Jim asked in surprise.

"Just at present they are using sticks for guns," she replied, "but Professor is going to get real guns for them very soon."

How a boy could accomplish so wonderful a feat as holding both his hands by his side while carrying his gun across his shoulder slightly puzzled Jim's mind, but he did not interrupt to ask. So she continued:

"If a boy is seen hitting another boy, or tripping him up, or tickling him, or sticking pins into him or making faces, or shooting balls of paper, or playing pranks of any kind in school, he walks two hours and a half of extra duty. If it is a girl who laughs out loud or does any thing against the rules, she has to write 2,000 words. It depends on what the offense is. There is a printed list of offenses, with the punishment opposite each, posted up in each room. The boys have to walk extra duty, and the girls have to write words, though both are called 'Extra Duty.' Sometimes as many as seventy-five students are on extra duty at the same time."

And back of the blue eyes, something seemed to say again, this time somewhat louder than before, "Really, now, do you think there has been anything so wonderful as this, ever?"

Jim, poor fellow! felt dazed for a while; and it was not altogether that wonderful "system" that dazed him. But presently, he ran across, in his memory, some of the things which were said in Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching, Parker's Talks on Pedagogics, or the Algemeine Pedagogik, books he had read in his course in pedagogy. These he spouted out in as impressive a style as he could, feeling a strong inclination to swallow every now and then.

Miss Hall told Jim all about the work at Hollisville and about the town, highly coloring everything, though unconsciously, in her enthusiasm. It was all so perfectly splendid. She did not brag about the school; it was not necessary; she just told the facts and gave the figures. They spoke for themselves; anybody with a grain of sense must be impressed; they were so wonderful. While, as for "the Professor," there just simply could not be anything so wonderful as he.

She told him also about her Sunday-School Class. The Professor was a Baptist, and so were all the other teachers, except herself, who was an Episcopalian.

There were several Episcopal girls in the school, so that she took charge of these and had a Sunday-School class for them. There were some Episcopalians in that section of the State and, by telling them about her being there, the Professor had been able to induce them to come to the school.

"In a larger place," she said, "the people do not have the same confidence in you, do not seem to feel the same dependence in you, as they do in a little place like Hollisville. Somehow in a place like this, you get nearer to the people; you know—I mean in their spiritual lives. Of course, there are quite a number of people here, and many of the pupils, who are beneath you in the social scale; but then, somehow, don't you know, you lose sight of that, to a certain extent, in a little town, and you don't mind it so much."

"You know I have never been told what my position in the school is to be," Jim observed at a later stage of the conversation.

"Oh," she said smiling, "you are to be Vice-President and Professor of Latin, Greek, and English Philology."

Now do not get excited: Jim did not faint. This might have sounded formidable to one who had been out of college longer, or to one who had been in college longer; but to him, who had had a four years' smattering, a mere taste of the upper crust of knowledge, why, there was nothing in his general estimation of himself which precluded the idea of his being vice-president ot anything, or president, for that matter; while as for his being Professor of Latin, Greek, and English Philology, although he had studied Latin only six months in his whole life and scarcely knew the Greek alphabet, and the word "philology" was hardly yet in his vocabulary, this was turned around in his head with as much ease as if it had been that of becoming country mail carrier or Secretary of the United States Treasury.

When Jim reached his room, though, it was not the very wonderful school nor the very wonderful "Professor" with which his mind was occupied; nor was he wholly absorbed with the consideration of guiding principles; nor yet did he lose much sleep because of the postponement of his life's work. But he was more than usually thoughtful. He looked through several volumes of his journal, and after turning over many pages, he paused a long time before a page on which this was written:

"Our preacher, Mr. Humbert, says God will point every man to the right one for his wife. I don't know how He is going to point, but if putting two people in the same house together, one a little boy and the other a little girl, and the little girl a pretty little girl and good and who has got some sense, and the little boy no kin to her, is pointing, then it must be Amy, and that would suit me first rate. But whoever He points me to I don't want her to be one of these girls what are always making out they don't like boys when they are most crazy about them. And I don't care much about what kind of eyes and mouth she has got, but I want her to have a good heart and know how to do

when company comes and how to not laugh at nothing. And I want her to know how to put her clothes on right and not be always stopping like Jessie Wilson to pull up her stocking. I don't reckon I have ever seen her. Lots of times, though, I have looked at one that I thought might be the one, and every time she reminded me of Amy. I hope God if He is going to look after this business for me will make whoever is the one look at me the same time I look at her, because I don't want to be running all about trying to get a look at a girl who has got her eyes on some other boy, like Joe Rivers runs after Ellen Kirk, when Ellen is looking at another boy, but I won't say who the other boy is because it might not be so."

This was written when he was twelve years old. After reading it over several times, he turned on and read other entries of a similar nature. It was among the entries made during a summer vacation from college that he found an article entitled, "The Dream of Fair Women, with Apologies to Tennyson—and to Each of the Fair Women." In this he had sketched, with varying degrees of elaboration, according to the impression each had made on his mind—he would not say his heart—each girl, "into whose qualifications I have looked." Among them all, still the tenderest feelings seemed to have been clustered about some vague being, whom he called his "first love;" "scarcely a being at all," it read; "just a sentiment, perhaps, for I can scarcely remember anything except fighting for her and dreaming about her and longing for her when she was gone—and kissing her twice that day she left."

It all came back to him now, as it had come back to him many times before, that morning when the tall, pale-faced man drove up in front of the gate with a white horse hitched to a white-topped wagon. His mother's eyes were filled with tears as she pressed the little girl to her bosom and kissed her good-bye. Her father picked her up in his big arms and set her into the back of the covered wagon. And he, Jim, a little boy ten years old, stood there leaning against the gate, with a far-away look in his eyes, a strange feeling in his young heart, and a red rose hid beneath his loose blouse. While the tall, pale-faced man was telling his mother and father good-bye, he climbed into the back of the wagon, took out the rose which he had picked from the bush he and she had hid under while playing "I spy," and stuck it into her hair. Then he leaned over the back of the seat, put his hands on her golden curls, looked into her bright eyes and kissed her on her red lips. Noticing the red scar on her temple, which his mother said would be there always, he reached up and kissed it. All this he thought of that night as he sat with the book on his lap and looked out into the darkness.

At length he turned to a fresh page in his journal and wrote:

"I remember she had light hair. We called her Amy, though Mother once told me that was not the name she bore when she came to our house. What the other name is I have forgotten. It could not have been Aileen—oh, pshaw! What nonsense!"

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—Chapter VIII.

THERE are to be found, here and there, in the annals of nations, some very remarkable instances of great men whose fame and power rested upon the support of an unselfish and almost unknown friend. In the case of Lord Thurlow, to whom the comparatively obscure Hargrave was the indispensable prop, the singular facts live in immortal fiction, for Dickens made use of it in his most perfect novel, "The Tale of Two Cities". Sidney Carton and the boisterous, self-assertive Striver—the one sensitive, retiring, and a slave to drink, the other bold, brassy, voluble and merely absorbtive mentally—were portrayed by Dickens as the jackal and the lion: and the characters were suggested to him by the relations that existed between the modest London lawyer, Hargrave, and the blustering, brow-beating, superficial Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

It may not be true that the almost mythical "grey cardinal" was as much to Richelieu as has been pretended, but in the case of Mirabeau there can be no doubt of the way he fed on the fertile brain of the Genevese Dumont—a man who shrank from notoriety and whose unselfish services to the orator and tribune were known only to the few.

A yet more interesting instance is that of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Duke De Morny. If you have a book with the necessary pictures in it, compare the faces of Charles Bonaparte and his wife, Letitia, with those of all the Bonaparte children, and then with that of Napoleon's son, and those of Prince Napoleon,—"Plon Plon"—or any other Bonaparte of the second generation, *known to be legitimate*,—and you will immediately recognize the facial resemblance. The Bonaparte features are unmistakable. But study the face of Napoleon III. His are not Bonaparte features. They are coarse, heavy, dull. Some of the Bonaparte faces are sensual but none of them are coarse, or heavy, or dull.

The countenance of the third Emperor Napoleon suggests slowness of mental process, phlegm of disposition and irresolution of purpose. There is no suggestion of reserved power, internal fire, intellectual vivacity. His face looks Dutch,—quite properly, for his father was Admiral Horn of Holland.

But his mother, Queen Hortense, brought into the world another son, who is to me one of the most fascinating men of history. His father was the Duke of Flahaut, a gay gallant,—one of the braves who galloped with the last of the great Captain's orders at Waterloo.

De Morny was addicted to pleasure, else he would have left a mark

on Europe deep as that of Richelieu. He was quick as lightning, possessed unerring sagacity, was bold and resourceful, was a natural politician. It was his hand that steered his halting, blundreing, half-brother through the *Coup d'etat*, and made him Emperor. It was he who piloted Napoleon III. through all sorts of difficulties. Had De Morny lived, Germans would not have caught Frenchmen unprepared.

Exhausted by excesses and cut down in the prime of life, De Morny had a last and most affecting talk with his half-brother, and as the weeping Emperor was leaving the room, the dying man called him back and said, once more, "*Sire, beware of Prussia.*"

Napoleon III. did not know how to profit by the advice, allowed his bigoted wife to push him into a war for which France was not ready, and, in the effort to gratify the Pope by a victory over Protestant Prussia, the Napoleonic dynasty was swept away, and France crushed and dismembered.

As long as human records are kept and read, the name of Andrew Jackson will shine among the fixed stars. He won his way by indomitable pluck, fierce determination and energy, his ambition being of the loftiest type and his success of the kind that dazzles. No matter how much we may feel compelled to condemn him for the spots, we are forced to admit that it is a blazing sun we are looking at and quarreling with,—not a fire-fly or even a comet.

Yet at the very foundation of his success, lies the support of a man whose name was utterly unknown to the millions who shouted, "Hurrah for Jackson!" This unassuming friend, who kept himself in the background always, was William B. Lewis.

In the case of most of the helpers of great men,—the jackals who bring food to the lions—there is a sharing of the spoil. Sometimes they follow from afar and are content with the crumbs, but in the generality of instances, the aid is amply rewarded. So far as I know, the devotion of William B. Lewis to Andrew Jackson is unique, in that he never even seemed to think of asking anything for himself. He was a fountain of friendship, loyalty, and service that flowed spontaneously, incessantly, copiously, gratuitously. In war and in peace, in politics and in soldiering, Lewis was always ready, willing, capable, indispensable. Advising his chief, restraining him, writing his more important letters, proclamations, and public manifestos for him, electioneering for him, planning for him, pulling wires for him, covering up ugly things for him, telling lies for him,—the faithful Lewis balked at nothing. And whenever Lewis could get to Jackson before he had already formed and expressed an opinion, he could wind his chief around his little finger without the doughty old warrior suspecting that he was being put on the spool.

If ever the General, at an emergency, blazed away on his own hook, —he was pretty apt to make a nice hot mess of it. For instance, he flew off the handle because General Winfield Scott characterized as mu-

tinous one of Jackson's "General Orders", which was uncommonly mutinous, and he fired an impromptu letter at Scott which carries consternation to Jacksonian worshippers,—it is so crude, violent, and indefensible. Lewis had not got the chance to revise and recast it, you see. Nor was Lewis with him in that last glorious trip to Florida, when, as Governor, he got everything in such a ridiculous tangle.

Determined to make a President out of his chief, Col. Lewis set to work with his usual shrewdness, method, energy and diplomacy. Knowing that the Congressional Caucus would never listen to the proposition to nominate Jackson, the obvious thing to do was to attack the caucus. It had given the country several excellent Presidents: it was about to name another candidate who possessed every qualification for the office; no breath of scandal had ever blown against it; no hint of corruption had ever been dropped about it,—but it had to go, nevertheless. It was in Andrew Jackson's way; and whatever was in the way of that stern, inflexible man, was necessarily bad, unpatriotic, and detrimental to the country.

In a very short while, Col. Lewis got busy with a systematic assault upon the wicked, obstructive caucus, and he said lots of hard things about it. He drew dark pictures of plottings and jugglings, and various other suspicious parleyings that went on, behind closed doors, in this Congressional Caucus. The men who made up this disreputable convention were those upon whose characters the people themselves had passed in electing them to Congress. In the event of their choosing an unfit candidate for President, they not only ran the risk of having their man defeated, but of being beaten themselves by their resentful constituents at the next election. Therefore, you might almost say that kind of a nominating convention was under bond to select a fit and proper candidate. The more I think of it, the greater is my inclination to have a good opinion of the old Congressional Caucus. It had many advantages over our present system, where money and patronage are used to secure the nomination, as well as to carry the election.

But, the nominating convention composed of statesmen like John Forsyth, Thomas H. Benton, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, Nathaniel Macon, Thomas W. Cobb, etc., etc., was in Andrew Jackson's way. Of course, it was a palpably dangerous and corrupt thing, and had to die. By the time Lewis had accused it of all the things which he was doing and the caucus wasn't, it had few friends.

When it finally convened to nominate Crawford, which it did almost unanimously, only 66 men attended out of a membership of 261. That sort of nominating convention never met again. "King Caucus" was dead, and the country well on its way to the spoils system and the modern practice of buying both nomination and election.

General Jackson was, very properly, put in the race by the legislature of Tennessee. His home state was enthusiastic for him and nobody doubted that he would receive almost every vote that was cast;

but one of the U. S. Senators from Tennessee was pledged to Crawford. Here was a dilemma, for it was time for a successor to this Senator to be chosen, and he was a candidate for re-election. It would not hurt Jackson's chances in Tennessee to have the legislature which put him in nomination for the Presidency elect a Crawford man to the U. S. Senate, but what would the effect be in other states?

Col. Lewis and Judge Overton decided that Senator John Williams must be defeated, and they went actively to work at Murfreesboro, where the legislature was in session, to do it.

To their dismay they found that there wasn't a single available candidate who could muster enough votes. The fine soldier who had gone with his regiment of regulars to Jackson's relief at the most critical time of the Creek war, and who had contributed so largely to the success of the campaign, was immensely popular. It suddenly dawned upon the astute Lewis that there was only one man in Tennessee who could beat John Williams, and that was old Hickory himself! Post-haste Judge Overton made a bee-line for the Hermitage, arriving there at breakfast time. The situation at Murfreesboro was explained to the General; and the necessity for the use of his name was stated. Quick as a flash he decided. "Go right back to Murfreesboro and put my name in nomination. I do not want the office, but, by the Eternal, John Williams shall not be re-elected."

Overton hurried back to the legislature immediately: Jackson was nominated, on the same day, and Williams defeated.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Nutshell Novel for a Miniature Mudie

By J. Ashby Sterry

[*Boudoir Ballads*]

VOL. I.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather:
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk,
Together!

VOL. II.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious:
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!!

VOL. III.

You ask mama,
Consult papa,
With pleasure:
And both repent
This rash event,
At leisure!!!

POOR WHITES AND NEGROES

BREMEN, GA., June 4, 1909.

DEAR SIR:—I notice in your June magazine, in answer to D. J. Newell, M. D., that you say: "If the Southern Confederacy had not been invaded, but allowed to take its place among the other separate and independent governments of the New World, it would have been far better for the South and for the remainder of the Union."

You have in mind, I suppose, that slavery would have been voluntarily abolished.

Now, what, in your opinion, would have been the condition with the poorer class of white people if this abolition of slavery had not taken place?

Very truly, D. R. BROCK.

(Route 1.)

ANSWER.

The poor whites would have been in no worse condition than they are at present. In the South the free negro competes with white labor at a greater number of points than under slavery. Besides, the competition is fiercer.

The average standard of living among the slaves was maintained by the masters at a higher level than it is now; consequently, the poor whites were not pressed to the wall by the competition of cheap negro labor. If you look around you today, you will see black carpenters, brick-layers, house-builders and even farm hands doing the work for less than a white man can afford to do it, for the reason that *the negro can live on less.*

WHO BEGAN THE CIVIL WAR?

HELAISE, TENN., May 10, 1909.

Please answer in the next issue of the JEFFERSONIAN the following:

In the light of actual fact and the laws of nations, which side was guilty of the first belligerent act in the War Between the States? The truth on this question answers:

(1) Who began the war?

(2) Where does the responsibility rest for the opening of hostilities?

W. A. WOOD.

(1) The North began the war by refusing to treat for peace with the Confederate Commissioners, and by stealthily endeavoring to throw supplies into Fort Sumpter after Mr. Seward had assured the Confederate Commissioners that the *status quo* would be maintained.

(2) Upon the North, because of the repudiation of constitutional pledges, the refusal to compromise on the old Missouri Compromise line, and the enactment of state laws nullifying a clause in the Constitution put there as the guaranty of security to the South if she would secede from the Confederation and join the Union.

JUSTUS ELBERT'S ERRORS

In a little book of 88 pages by Justus Ebert (a Socialist) entitled, "American Industrial Evolution", on pages 56 and 57—in specifying the parties against plutocracy he says:

"First: There were the silver mine owners.

"Second: The indebted farmers and land speculators were also vitally concerned. Success in depreciating the money standard fifty per cent. by way of free and unlimited coinage of silver would have enabled them to pay their mortgage indebtedness then amounting to the enormous sum of $6,000,000,000 in a *debased* currency worth only $3,000,000,000. This certainly was an enormous incentive to the bankrupt farming and land-holding class generally."

I would be awfully pleased if you would touch this up in your MAGAZINE. The idea of putting it that way.—"success in depreciating the money standard", and then calling the currency a "*debased currency*", never intimating

that plutocracy appreciated the currency for the purpose of stealing (when pay-day came) twice the amount of his wheat or corn or cotton. If he had brought these facts out, too, I would not object. But with the implication that the farmers wished to gain an undue advantage, or something that did not belong to them, is abominable.

If you would enlarge on this, I think it would make delightful reading for a great many of your readers who agree with you on the money question.

H. L. Hutchinson.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

ANSWER.

Justus Ebert must be a human curio. In a collection of bifurcated bric-a-brac, he would be a dazzling attraction.

Among men of common sense and common honesty, it has always been considered legitimate and equitable to pay a debt in the money of the contract. That is to say, if we give to the creditor as good currency as we got from him, the obligation is fully met, in morals as well as law.

In our own dear country, the principle has been reversed *and against the debtor class.*

Debts which were made under expansion, had to be paid under contraction. Debts that were incurred when the legal tender consisted of gold and silver and paper, were increased in value to the creditor, and made harder to pay by the debtor, by the destruction of the paper money. The creditor got from the debtor a scarcer and dearer currency than he had loaned.

Then when gold and silver were both coined on equal terms and ranked as monetary partners and equals, debts were contracted on the basis of bi-metalism. The creditor loaned either silver or gold at his option. When the creditor class changed the law, made gold the single, standard of value, the money of final payment was again made scarcer, dearer, harder to get,—devouring a greater amount of labor and commodities when pay-day arrived.

The idea that the farmers wanted to pay debts of six billion dollars with three billions, would be correctly expressed it Justus Ebert had said they owed six billions and objected to paying more than six. By the striking down of silver, they were in danger of having to pay nine billions, measured in commodities. The increase of the supply of gold partially warded off the contractionist blow.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW AND MISSISSIPPI SAW MILLS

Shelton, S. C., July 5, 1909.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly answer the following questions in your magazine?

First. In your Weekly *Jeffersonian* some time ago you stated in the editorial columns that eleven hundred saw mills in the State of Mississippi failed to get special privileges under Vardaman's administration, and retaliated by using their influence to defeat Vardaman for the United States Senate.

Second. Are there eleven hundred saw mills in Mississippi?

Third. Was it state legislation they asked for? If so, what was the nature of the requests?

Fourth. What is the amount of money the Steel Trust will derive from the tariff of twenty-five cents per ton on iron ore as adopted or incorporated in the pending tariff bill?

Fifth. I notice in your April number you say England forced the slave trade upon her colonies; is it a fact that the mother country was the first to engage in the importation of negroes from their native country and sell them to the colonies? Please write more fully on this subject.

Sixth. In what history can I find an account of the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew of August 24, 1574? It is the massacre which you mention in your reply to Mr. J. F. Arcenaux, of Brittany, Louisiana.

I have Ridpath's "History of the World", but have not been able to find on account of the limited time I have to read. I shall greatly appreciate your answer to the questions I have propounded.

Yours truly,

Robt. R. Jeffares.

ANSWER.

(1) No. You have that down wrong. See next two paragraphs.

(2) We did not say that there were 1,100 saw mills in Mississippi, but there are probably that number. One of the Southern States which cuts less lumber than Mississippi, has 1,100 mills.

(3) The lumber men fought Vardaman in his race for the Senate because he, as Governor, checked their grabbing of the timber supply of the State. He

secured the adoption of a law which limited the number of acres the corporations could own.

(4) The number of tons of iron ore produced in this country in 1908 was 51,700,000 tons. The duty will add 25 cents to the cost of every ton. The proposed tariff will, therefore, be worth $12,925,000 to the steel barons, and the Trust will get at least three-fourths of it.

(5) The slave trade is practically as old as the human race. There always have been slaves, there are slaves now, and there will be slaves to the end of time. Queens and kings engaged in the slave trade, and the practice continued to a very late day. England was actively engaged in the business and it was England that literally forced the system upon the colonies. Queen Elizabeth chartered and encouraged it. Virginia was the first State to declare against it. Jefferson led the movement which put a stop to the importation of slaves.

History shows that Virginia, Georgia and other Southern states protested vigorously to the Mother Country against the slave trade, but the protests were not heeded. Twenty-three different times did Virginia remonstrate with England against the traffic.

(6) All histories of France and every general history, excepting those doctored by Catholic priests. The following standard works contain the story of the St. Bartholomew massacre:

Guizot's "History of France".

Duruy's "History of France".

Bonnechose's "History of France".

In the Memoirs of the Duke of Sully, there is a most graphic account of the massacre. He was in the midst of it and had a narrow escape.

In "The Life of Coligny", by Besant, will be found a good description of the St. Bartholomew.

The most surprising thing about it is that some American Catholics have been made to believe that religion had nothing to do with the butchery. Every man, woman and child in Paris who did not wear the Catholic badge on that night and day of doom was ruthlessly slaughtered by priest-incited mobs.

—Baltimore *Sun*

WHAT HAPPENED ON JOHN D.'s LAST BIRTHDAY

TRUSTS
THEIR MEAT
THEIR BREAD
CORPORATIONS
LABORER
EMPTY DINNER PAIL
MILL DURHAM 1907

THE JUNIOR JEFFS

By DADDY JIM

Nick Engelbaum, the big Bavarian, who was an animal trainer for Robinson, and afterwards for Forepaugh, once told me that young animals were more sensitive to rewards than to punishment. "Und children," he said, "it is candy und kisses you should gif dem; not vippens. If dey don't do right, cut out der candy und kisses, but don't vip dem." Against that is King Solomon's saying: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Now it is quite plain that we cannot follow Solomon's advice, unless we had a rod about a thousand miles long; and we don't believe the Junior Jeffs need it; so we will offer some little prizes to arouse interest in this department of our Magazine.

For the best letter on "What I Did in the Holidays", by a girl or boy under 15 years of age, we will give a handsome knife, or a pearl ring, or a pin; for the next best letter, 50 post-cards, all different; and for the third letter, 15 post-cards. The letter must be written by yourself, without help from anyone, and all letters must be in our hands by the last day of September. Do your best, not only for the sake of winning the prize, but to interest the thousands of people who will read your letters when they are printed.

TWO YOUNG TEXANS

These two young Westerners look sturdy and capable of making their way anywhere in the world. One letter contains a touch of humor; the other, a streak of poetry. It's not a bad combination. Both letters are good:

I am a boy 11 years old. I will send mine and Warren's picture, to show you how much we appreciate "The Junior Jeffs". I am on the left, and Warren on the right. (No, we are not twins.) Mr. Watson, you come over to Texas whenever you have time, and make us a speech here, at Hamilton, for instance. Mamma would go with us to hear you.—EDGAR FROST, Hamilton, Texas.

EDGAR AND WARREN FROST
Hamilton, Texas

I am a boy 10 years old, and if my dreams come true, I will stand up and speak for Watson when I am a man. You won't be "too old" by that time, will you, Mr. Watson? If you are, I will stoop and gather some of the roses which you have strewn along the pathway of man, to aid me on my journey through life.—WARREN FROST, Hamilton, Texas.

ANOTHER GIRL NAMESAKE

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON:—As I have seen some of the girls' letters in your magazine, who are named for you, I could not stand the suspense any longer, so I took this opportunity to write to you. I have your full name, which I do appreciate. I am called "Tommie" by

everyone, except mother; she calls me "Thomas E.", and sometimes "Thomas E. Watson". I am 15 years old, and am in the eighth grade. I go to school at the Banks Stephens Institute, Forsyth, Ga. The other day, as I was looking over some papers which father had placed away, and to my surprise I came across your photograph in the Atlanta Weekly *Constitution;* its date was July 13, 1903. I was very proud to have it, but I would have been too proud to have had one made in 1909. I heard you speak here in Forsyth last November. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with you, but as the people were in such a crowd I did not have the oportunity to make myself known to you. I have dark hair, grey eyes, and fair complexion. Your friend and namesake, LITTLE MISS THOMAS E. WATSON THIGPEN, Forsyth, Ga.

FROM BRITTANY, LOUISIANA

Here comes a little Louisiana girl knocking at your door. Won't you please let me in? I wrote to another paper four times, but my letters were not printed at all. Now, you wouldn't treat anyone that way, would you? I would send you my picture, but I am so thin that I know you wouldn't want it, unless you are different from my brother and sister. They always make fun of me, and call me a pole. Well, I guess that is enough about that. Beatrice Lackey, my name is Beatrice, too. Is Leila Lackey a relative of yours? Well, Daddy Jim, I guess you are tired of reading such nonsense, so will close, hoping to see this in print.—BEATRICE RICE, Brittany, La.

GLAD TO GET THE KNIFE

DEAR MR. WATSON:—I will write you a short letter to let you know that I received my knife all O. K., and you can't imagine how glad I was to get it. I think the photograph of you is really good. I am going to work to see if I can't get you some more subscribers, which I don't think will be hard to do. Your little friend, TOMMIE COOPER, Boston, Ga.

TWO FLORIDA BOYS

DEAR DADDY JIM:—I go to school, and study hard to learn my lessons. I like history most of all my studies. I have read White's Beginner's History through twice. I love to read of those great men who made our country. I have grown to love such men as Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and many others I read about. I am 9 years old. Jennings and I send our picture.—CHARLES L. REHWINKEL, Rehwinkel, Fla.

—

I am a little boy 7 years old. My Papa takes both your JEFFERSONIANS,

CHAS. L. AND JENNINGS A. REHWINKLE
Rehwinkle, Florida.

and we all enjoy reading them. When company comes, Papa reads them what Mr. Watson has to say, and they surely like what he writes on Foreign Missions. —JENNINGS A. REHWINKEL, Rehwinkel, Fla.

A GEORGIA JEFFERSONIAN

DEAR DADDY JIM:—I reside six miles from Crawfordville, Ga., and have lived in Walton County all my life until Jan-

LOUIS BURTON
Crawfordville, Ga.

uary 15, 1909. Mr. Watson has many supporters in this section. I received my knife all O. K.; it's a beauty. I am spending my vacation hoeing cotton, bathing and fishing. I go bathing in the Ogeechee River. I am sending you my photograph; am 15 years of age, and a whole-souled Democrat of the Jeffersonian type. — LOUIS BURTON, Crawfordville, Ga.

OUR PICTURES

This month we present pictures of boys from three different states, and they are all bright, handsome little fellows. Why don't the girls send their pictures along? We have had some charming little letters from girls, and we are sure the writers are just as charming as their letters. One young lady spoke about the freckles on her nose, as an excuse for not sending her picture. Why can't she put a dab of powder on it? Another says she is too thin. The noted beauties of the world are slender; to be fat is to be out of the fashion today. We don't think the girls are treating us right by keeping in the background. Here we have five lonesome boys in this number of the Junior Jeffs. Won't some kind-hearted young lady, freckles or no freckles, come to the rescue?

In Sickness

By Stokely S. Fisher

DREAMING of you, I do not feel
The pain; but through the dim room steals
The scent and sound of summery things;
My brow is cooled, as though soft wings
Narcotic calm of wafted weal
Shed over me. It seems you kneel
Beside me; and I know the real
True heart-warmth of the hand that clings,—
Dreaming of you!

Such visions day and night reveal:
I wonder if my Soul's appeal
To me yonr answering spirit brings!
I'm soothed by tenderest whisperings,
Uplifting ministries that heal,—
Dreaming of you!

Communications

Now

By Jake H. Harrison

THERE is a psychic moment
To which circumstances bow,
And he who sees and grasps it,
He who knows the worth of now,
Has gods to do his bidding,
Has the facts at his command,
Has Fortune as his hand-maid,
And grows famous in the land.

Though he may be a yokel,
Knowing naught of learning's worth,
But just the homely knowledge
Of the tiller of the earth,
He may, like Cincinnatus,
Leave the handles of the plow,
To guide the course of nations,
If he knows the worth of now.

It has a potent meaning
That no other words express,
A force of execution,
An indelible impress;
Success has ever worn it,
As a star upon her brow,
To guide her on to fortune—
Just that little wordlet, now.

It is the only moment
We can truly call our own,
The future is uncertain,
And the past is dead and gone—
The cabalistic power
Of the universe, I trow,
Is found in just three letters,
And they spell THE ONE WORD, NOW!

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

By Jabran

WE ARE prone to think we know something. We come into the world and find an established order of things, and accept it all as true, simply because it is hoary with age, and has had the endorsement of statesmen, divines, prophets and seers. We would not kick against the order of things if we could, because we would be dubbed a fool, a doubter and a heretic. So we accept things as they are, and pass through life, and leave all mundane affairs about as we found them. The struggle for meat and bread takes up our time, and we have but little opportunity to wander into new fields of thought or action. We do as our fathers did, accept as true the ideas and doctrines held by them, and however skeptical we may be, we bury those thoughts in the deep recesses of our souls and go on with our daily work. We don't know who, or in what age of the world, set up for us a fixed code of thought and ideas on things political and religious and otherwise, but we submit to them because our fathers did. We will continue to submit and take our medicine according to the old prescribed forms.

Oliver Cromwell cowed and conquered the great English race, and made himself Lord Protector amid the acclaims of all the people, and while he lived received their homage and respect. When he died, those same people dug his body from the grave and hustled it through the streets of London. Why they did the one or the other they could give no sane or sensible reason. In both instances they followed the crowd. That is what we do, and what we will continue to do.

When Roosevelt suggested Taft as his successor the people said, "He is the man." They had not seen the man, or the power behind the throne who was naming the ruler of eighty millions of people,—the real power always remains hidden. When it does show itself, it comes forth clothed in purple, with the halo of godliness around it, the power of superstition and the reverence of the ages. In things political it stalks in

high places and banquets with kings and rulers. The men in the trenches or the fields and in the lowly walks of life are not consulted about the policy or wisdom of contemplated action, because the powers that be know that class will blindly follow where directed. They have done it through all the ages and will continue to do it—they could not break the spell if they would.

The Hierarchy understood it. When Taft had the United States to pay over that seven millions of dollars for the Friars' lands, that we had already bought and paid Spain for, an open or unconscious coalition was formed between Roosevelt and the Pope to make good with Mr. Taft.

The result in November showed where the hearts of the American patriots were. When New York, with its great Catholic population, and Chicago, and the Central West, with its large Roman vote, piled high the majority for our good and great President—the reward had been paid. Not in money, but by the suffrage of those who acknowledge and yield obedience to the powers that be.

Blind obedience and allegiance on the part of the ignorant have cursed the world in the ages past. The people have fawned before kingcraft, cowed before priestcraft, and yielded to witchcraft, and the powers behind the throne will continue their rule as they have in the past. We must continue to pay homage to the conquering hero, who sits upon a throne and wields his sceptre. We will continue to worship at the shrine of the Holy of Holies. We will still believe in superstition. Probably in some new era, some far distant time, the human race may come into its own—with every man his own guide and ruler—but that devoutly hoped for consummation is in the womb of the future.

CHINESE "CONVERTS" ARE HYPOCRITES

GREENFIELD, OHIO, July 27, 1909.

DEAR MR. WATSON:—I enclose clipping from Cincinnati *Enquirer* of July 26, 1909.

I see through your magazine and paper that a lot of them are giving it to you for letting the people know the truth about the beloved heathen. You have my heartiest thanks."

I have had several ministers read the articles, and they told me they "had never looked at it in that light". I have not as yet had anyone to denounce or severely criticise them. At any rate, you are doing your duty and it has its own reward.

Yours for truth and Jeffersonian Democracy, J. WESLEY DICKSON.

The following is the clipping sent:

WILL BE "CONVERTED" ONLY WHEN IT IS TO HIS FINANCIAL GAIN—ACCEPT ONLY EDUCATION

Special Dispatch to The Enquirer.

CHICAGO, July 25.—"You can't convert a Chinaman. He may say he is converted when it is to his financial advantage, but really he is not converted. One priest who had been in Singapore for twenty years told me that he could not conscientiously say that he had ever converted a Chinaman."

This statement was made today by Mrs. C. F. Smith, of Hong Kong, China, who stopped in Chicago on her way to Lafayette, Ind., to visit her mother. She is the wife of a Hong Kong shipping merchant.

Mrs. Smith said the missionaries are doing good work in an educational way, but that the Chinaman holds his religion as good as any.

THIS KIND OF ENCOURAGEMENT ENCOURAGES

DEAR SIR:—It is with the keenest interest that we read your scathing exposures of corruption in both state and church. It seems as though the people are so blinded by prejudice that they will not see the dangers that threaten, yea, that are binding us and our children to the worst form of slavery that the world has ever known, industrial slavery, that damnable system whereby the master is enabled to use the slave as long as he is useful and then discards him for society to care for or to starve, no matter to him which.

When we look back, and consider the heroic work that has been done in the past, the sacrifices that were made by that old set of reformers, who are now mostly gone to their reward, we are led to wonder if the people will ever awaken to their true condition, or if we will continue until we follow in the footsteps of the nations of the past.

Enclosed find P. O. order for $7.00 to pay for the enclosed subscriptions.

Yours for the cause of reform,

O. K. SEITZ.

Del Rio, Texas.

AND ANOTHER OF THE SAME KIND

DEAR SIR:—Please commence my subscription for your monthly JEFFERSONIAN, beginning with the July number. I have not missed a copy yet. You have a few supporters here, who appreciate the sacrifices you have made and are making to enlighten the people. Your articles on the Foreign Mission business are on the right line, and the facts ought to be broadcast, so that the people who are supporting them may know how their money is used. I hope to be able to soon own all your published work. I have read "The Life and Times of Jefferson", and you are the only man as far as I have read who has the moral courage to give Thomas Paine his true place in American history. I admire you for that; then again, you are one of the few who are sounding the alarm about the Catholic Hierarchy. Maybe the people will wake up before it is too late. Hoping that your life will be prolonged to see the success of the reforms you have advocated so long, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MARSTON.

Merrillville, Ga.

TARIFF TROUBLES

P. J. Campbell.

SINCE the Adriatic Pirates
First extracted ten per cent.
For protection of the shipping,
Folks have wondered what it meant;
But the magic name "Protection"
Has done much to satisfy,
And the people have been ready
At the polls to ratify
Anything that sounded generous,
Or colossal, great or grand—
And they have not always questioned
For whose interest it would stand.

But the people now are cautious,
And have notions of their rights,
And the Tariff Troubles only are
One of their many fights.
Protecting Infant Industries,
And being made to rue it
Has made the people rather shy,
For fear they'll overdo it.
Protective Tariffs that protect
The trusts and corporations,
Are more expensive for ourselves,
Than to the other nations.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION

Beginning with this (September) number of Watson's Magazine, each subscriber will receive notice of the expiration of his subscription by means of a rubber stamp on the wrapper—"YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES THIS ISSUE."

Subscribers will please send in their renewals immediately after receiving notice of expiration, as all expired subscriptions will be dropped from the mailing list 15 days after notice, except foreign subscriptions, which will be continued 30 or 60 days longer, according to distance. English and European subscribers will be entitled to 30 days' notice; subscribers in Africa, India, China, the Philippines, and Australia will receive 60 days' notice.

"A Southerner in Europe", by Clarence H. Poe, Mutual Publishing Company, Raleigh, N. C.

It was time for a new book of "Travels in Europe". All of the works of that kind that are on our book-shelves are out of date. What we wanted was a volume which would picture to us the condition of things *now*.

Mr. Poe has supplied this demand. Without the waste of a page, he has furnished a view of the European world which enables one to see the English town and farm of today, and the manner of life, the diversity of work and the trend of things as they are at this very time.

A Madame Le Vert or a Mark Twain, or a Reverend Samuel Iraeneus Prime, touring the foreign world, sees it from different points of view,—each getting such impressions as his or her mental predilection dictates. "Josiah Allen's Wife" makes the same trip, and beneath the tone of levity and the language of dialect which she forced herself, unfortunately, to adopt, one feels the throb of a great big heart and the workings of a mind that has pondered upon the tragedies of our existence.

Mr. Poe's book is different from all these,—different again from Lee Meriwether's descriptions of European conditions, vivid and enlightening as they are. In a series of letters, our North Carolina friend relates how he went and what he saw, and what he thought about it. Mr. Poe edits *The Progressive Farmer*, a first-class agricultural paper: he was in touch with the great Farmers' Alliance movement: he lives close to the wealth-producers of the Southern States: the cry of unrest which ascends forever and ever from oppressed humanity in this country falls upon no unsympathetic ears when heard by him: hence he carried to Europe *a state of mind* peculiarly fitting him to see what the average man in America would like to see, and to gather those impressions which make the most interesting reading for such a man.

A Southern farmer could not fail to be interested in Mr. Poe's comments upon farming in England and Scotland. He could not but be surprised at the possibilities of one acre of land. He would be painfully struck by a sense of contrast between our methods and those of Europe when he learned that no gullies, no "galded" places, no lean cattle or work stock are to be seen on the farms over there. He will not be surprised, perhaps, to learn that his cotton arrives in Liverpool in a worse condition than that of the bales from India and Egypt.

But what will the American reader of Mr. Poe's book think of himself, *as a sovereign ruling himself in this free Republic*, when he learns that in monarchical England one can step into the postoffice and send a telegram for twelve cents, and that R. F. D. carriers handle your telegrams as well as your letters? Mr. Poe copies the notice which is stuck up in the English postoffice. Here it is:

"Postoffice for Money Orders, Savings Bank, Parcels Post, Telegrams, Insurance, Annuity, Internal and Revenue Stamps."

Mr. Poe gives the rates on parcels sent by mail. Here they are:

One-pound package____6 cents.
Up to 2 pounds_____8 cents.
Up to 3 pounds_____10 cents.
Up to 7 pounds_____14 cents.
Up to 8 pounds_____16 cents.

Ten-pound packages go for 20 cents, and 11 pounds, for 22 cents.

Don't you wish that you had a post-office system like that? Why haven't you got it? The Express Companies and Telegraph Companies don't rule you, do they? Why don't you, your Majesty, rise up and give yourself what you would like to have?

I regret that we have not sufficient space to go more fully into the contents of this volume. I cannot speak too warmly in its praise. If you will write to *The Progressive Farmer*, or to the publishers and order the book, you will, after reading it, have information that you wouldn't part with for any moderate amount of money.

The price is $1.00.

Melancholy

By Mary Chapin Smith

SAD, darkened pathways, faintly traced,
After the sun of joy has set,
Thread troubled vistas, interlaced
With tortuous limbs that never let
The light of hope shine through,
Despoiled of foliage that once graced
Their ravined dying boughs; the rue
Of bitterness all that is ever seen,
In this most doleful spot, of earth's rich crown of green.

Gray shapes of sorrows and of fears,
Of memories and of burning tears,
Haunt shadowy forests dank with dew;
Dim, silent forms uncertainly flit throug
Between the saddened cypresses and yew
Planted o'er graves of visions long since fled;
The croak of the night-raven overhead
And crimson drops of blood below
Expressed from the heart's juices, tell the woe
Of those who ever this lone way should go.

Beyond are foul miasms, slimy, creeping things,
Harsh flapping of great wings
From shapeless, songless creatures of the air,
Rank, noxious weeds of hatred and despair;
The deadly efflorescences of crime,
The poisonous fungi of all time;
Deluding marsh lights pale; the strange, wild boom
Of some lone bird; while evermore
A sudden deep and angry roar,
Or fixed, unwinking glare of cruel eyes
With following look from out the gloom,
And moans and sighs and echoing cries
Impel the wanderer distraught on to his waiting doom.

Down, down they go, sad souls without relief,
Each moving on alone in voiceless grief,
Alone in shadow of their woe, too crushed to weep,
Down to the black and bottomless pools of the still deep,
Its sullen surface undisturbed by any breath,
Peopled by formless, moveless life-in-death,
Where poignant sorrow, minished happiness,
Swift, fleeting joy and all calamities terrene, in the last stress
Of life and time, obliterate themselves in one quick leap
Beneath the waters of oblivion merciless.

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